



J. Clark sculp. 1727



J. Clark sculp. 1727

*Philo-Musis*

A

NEW COLLECTION  
OF  
POEMS  
ON  
*Several Occasions.*

BY  
Mr. PRIOR, and Others.

---

Adorned with CUTS.

---



---

London:  
Printed for Tho. OSBORNE, in Gray's-Inn,  
near the Walks, MDCCXXV.

BRITISH COLLECTION

POEMS



TO

**Sir HENRY HUSSEY, Bart.**

IT will certainly be allowed, SIR, by all who have the happiness of Your Acquaintance, that I do as much Justice to the Memory of Mr. PRIOR, by inscribing to You these his REMAINS, as I should have done Injury to the Public by concealing them.

THE Tender I hereby make, will I hope, be the more acceptable, as You sometimes divert a Solitary Hour in the same agreeable Amusement; and I likewise hope, that Your Own Productions will One Day convince both the empty *Fop*, and the cavilling *Critic*, that the *Gentleman*, and the *Poet* are inseparable Companions.

MA x

## DEDICATION.

MAY every *Idea* You form, be pleasing, and may every *Action* of Your Life meet the just Reward of true Honour, Generosity, and Friendship, (Virtues which tho' seldom found, are fully possessed by You,) is the Sincere wish of Honoured SIR,

Your most Obliged,

Most Obedient,

and most Devoted

Humble Servant,

PHILO-MUSIS.

---



SOME  
MEMOIRS  
OF THE  
LIFE  
OF THE  
AUTHOR.



ATTHEW PRIOR,  
was the Son of Mr. George  
Prior, Citizen of London ;  
who Dying while he was  
very Young, left him to the  
Care of an Uncle, which proved Pater-  
nal, as Mr. PRIOR through the whole  
course

2    MEMOIRS of the LIFE  
course of his LIFE always acknowledged  
with the greatest Gratitude.

HE was bred at *Westminster-School*, where he endeavoured to obtain, and increase, the Noble Genius peculiar to that Place. He was thence removed to *St. John's-College*, in *Cambridge*; of which Society, soon after He had taken the Degree of Batchelour of ARTS, he was made Fellow; and retained the same Honour to the Day of his Death. He wrote several Copies of Verses when very Young, as appears by the First, in his Printed Poems †. In the Reign of King *James the Second*, jointly with Mr. *Mountague*, late Earl of *Halifax*, he wrote Remarks upon Mr. *Dryden's Hind and Panther*. \*

UPON

---

† Anno 1688.

\* The *Hind and the Panther*, transversed to the Story of the *Country-Mouse* and the *City-Mouse*, viz.

*The HIND and the PANTHER.*  
A Milk-white *Hind*, Immortal and Unchang'd,  
Fed on the Lawns, and in the Forest rang'd;  
Without Unspotted, Innocent within,  
She fear'd no Danger, for She knew no Sin.

of MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq; 3

U P O N the *Revolution*, He was brought to Court by the late Earl of *Dorset*, that great Patron of all Polite Learning, by whom from his Infancy he was beloved and encouraged; and as he grew up to Manhood, had a great share in his Intimacy and Friendship. Under this Noble Lord's Patronage He first entered into Publick Business, and was made Secretary to their Majesties King *WILLIAM* and Queen *MARY*, at the Congress at the *Hague*, in the Year 1690, the late Earl of *Berkeley* being their Majesties Plenipotentiary there. He was thence appointed Secretary of the Embassy to the present Earl of *Pembroke*, the late Earl of *Jersey*, and Sir *Joseph Williamson*, Ambassadors at the *PEACE of Reswick*, where many Memorials relating to that Treaty were drawn up by Him: He was likewise

B 2

wife

---

Transvers'd.

A Milk-white *Mouse*, Immortal and Unchang'd,  
Fed on soft Cheeſe, and o'er the Dairy rang'd;  
Without Unſpotted, Innocent within,  
She fear'd no Danger, for She knew no Ginn.

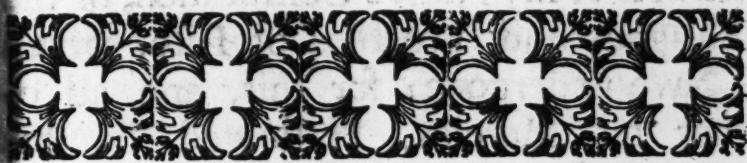
4      MEMOIRS of the LIFE

wife Secretary to the Two succeeding Embassies in *France*; Those, of the late Earls of *Portland* and *Jersey*.

HE was Secretary of State in the Kingdom of *Ireland*; then One of the *Lords Commissioners of Trade and Plantations*; and by her late Majesty made One of the *Commissioners of the Customs*, and her Majesty's Plenipotentiary-Minister in *France* in the Year 1711. So that going into *Publick Business* very Young, and having continued therein for Seven and Twenty Years, his *Poetry* (to use his own Words in his Preface to his Poems) was only the *Product of his leisure Hours*, who had commonly *Business enough upon his Hands*, and was only a *Poet by Accident*.



of MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq; 3



A True COPY of

Mr. PRIOR'S

L A S T

Will and Testament:

---

Drawn up by Himself.

---

E Registro Curiae Prerogativa Can-  
tuarien' Extract.

**I**T has pleased ALMIGHTY GOD, for some Years past, to bless me, his most unworthy Creature, with a greater share of Health than I could have expected from the Tenderness

## 6 MEMOIRS of the LIFE

derness of my Native Constitution, or the Fatigues and Troubles of Life, which I have undergone; for this, and all other his Mercies, Hallowed be his Name, for ever, and ever. Let Men and Angels repeat the sound, Hallowed be his Name! Now before Sicknes of Body, or Infirmitiy of Age prevent, or diminish the Force of my Understanding, or Memory, I make, and declare this my last *Will and Testament*.

I *MATTHEW PRIOR*, of the Parish of St. Margaret-Westminster, thanking the Right Honourable the Lord HARLEY for his eminent and continual Friendship to me, and trusting that he will have the same Concern for my Memory after Death, as he had for my Honour whilst Alive, and that he will take the same Care of my surviving Friends hereafter mentioned in this my *Will*, as he did of my own proper Interest; and having for many Years experienced the Faith, Honesty, and Ability of Mr. *Adrian Drift*,

of MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq; 7

*Drift*, my Secretary whilst I was in *Publick Employments*, and my Friend and Companion in Private Life: I invent the said Lord HARLEY, and ordain the said *Adrian Drift* to be the Executors of this my *Will*. And thus I give and bequeath unto EDWARD Lord HARLEY, and *Adrian Drift* all my Goods, and Chattels, Plate, Jewels, Medals, and Debts, and all other my Personal Estate whatsoever; to them, I say, their Heirs, Executors, and Assigns, in trust only and for the Uses hereafter specified, and the Benefit of the Persons hereafter mentioned.

It is my *Will*, that I be Buried privately in *Westminster-Abbey*, and that after my Debts and Funeral Charges are paid, a Monument be erected to my Memory, whereon may be expressed the *Publick Employments* I have bore; the INSCRIPTION I desire may be made by Dr. Robert Freind, and the Bust expressed in Marble by Coriveaux, placed on the Monument: For this last piece of *Human Vanity*, I Will,

8      MEMOIRS of the LIFE  
that the Sum of Five Hundred Pounds  
be set aside.

To the *College of St. JOHN* the *Evangelist* in *Cambridge*, I leave such and so many of my Books, as shall be judged to amount unto the Value of Two Hundred Pounds: These Books with my own *POEMS* in the greatest Paper, to be kept in the Library, together with the Books which I have already given. I likewise leave my own *PICTURE*, Painted by *Le Belle*, and that of my Friend and Patron *Edward Earl of Jersey*, by *Rigault*.

I leave to my Lord *HARLEY*, the *Busto* of *FLORA*, made by *Girardon*, and six *Pictures* out of my Collection, such as he shall chuse: The rest of my *Pictures*, *Medals*, *Drawings*, *Stamps*, and *Maps*, to be Appraised by Two Persons who may be thought to understand their Value, and my Lord *HARLEY* to have the Preference, in Case he pleases to purchase any Part, or *Parcel* thereof; and after his Pleasure

of MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq; 9  
sure therein specified, I Will, that the Residue be Sold. The Picture of Queen *Elizabeth*, by *Portus*, I leave to the Honourable and Excellent Lady *Harriette Harley*, and my own Picture in Enamail to her dear Daughter *Margarette*.

ALL my Manuscripts, Negotiations, Commissions, and all Papers whatsoever, whether of my Publick Employments, or Private Studies, I leave to my Lord HARLEY, and Mr. *Adrian Drift*, my Executors, or either of them, having first burned such as may not be proper for any future Inspection.

WHEREAS, the Estate of *Down-Hall*, in *Essex*, of which I am, and stand at present Possessed, is at my Death to revert to my Lord HARLEY, and to his Heirs, according to the Purport and Intent of certain Writings, drawn up by Mr. *Oliver Martin*, of the *Middle-Temple*, I Declare, that the said Estate does, and ought accordingly to revert to my Lord HARLEY, and his

## 10    MEMOIRS of the LIFE

Heirs, least from any want of Words in those Writings, or from any Failure, or Expression omitted, in the Form of the Writings, the least Doubt, or Inquietude may arise to my Lord HARLEY. I mention this, though at the same time I believe it to be superfluous.

I *Will*, and *Desire*, that the Sum of One Thousand Pounds be set apart in favour, and to the Use of Mrs. *Elizabeth Cox*, and that an Annuity, or Rent-Charge be purchased with the said Sum, to be paid by half-Yearly Payments to the said *Elizabeth Cox*, during her Natural Life; but I would have the said Thousand Pounds, *i. e.* the Annuity to be purchased with that Sum, to be paid solely to her Order, in half-Yearly Payments as aforesaid, and not to be in the Disposal, or at the Power of any Husband which she may Marry: And as my Lord HARLEY will be juster towards all with whom he Deals, and kinder to my Friends, than any Man whom I leave behind me in the World, I beg that he will be

of MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq; 11

be pleased to grant to the said *Elizabeth Cox* such Annuity, leaving the Sum to be determined by his Appointment, and Pleasure.

I leave to Mr. *Adrian Drift* the Sum of One Thousand Pounds, to be employed and disposed of, at his Discretion, hoping that his Industry and Management will be such, that he will not embezzle or decrease the same.

I leave to Mrs. *Anne Durham* the Sum of Three Hundred Pounds, to be paid within one Year of my Decease, and by her, to be employed for the enlargement of her Stock, and the Support of that Trade, and Calling, wherein I have already placed her, and in which I wish her Prosperity.

I Remit to my dear Friend, and old Companion, *Richard Shelton*, Esq; all Bonds, Notes, or Obligations, by which he stands any way indebted to me: And I leave to his Son *George Shelton*, the Sum of Three Hundred Pounds

12    MEMOIRS of the LIFE

Pounds in such manner, as that he may receive Fifty Pounds *per Annum*, for Six Years, in order to Maintain him during that Time, at the University; or to help him in any Trade, or Employment, as his Father may judge proper.

I leave to my well-beloved, and dear Cousin, *Katherine Harrison*, the Sum of One Hundred Pounds, with which she will please to buy Mourning.

I leave to my Servants, Each, one Year's Wages, and Mourning, and to *John Oeman*, or *Newman*, the Sum of Fifty Pounds, over and above such Wages.

I likewise leave the Sum of Fifty Pounds, over and above such Wages, to *Jane Ansley*.

AND in Case this shall (as I reckon it will) amount to more than will pay and satisfy my Debts, and Legacies already given, I leave the rest and

may  
, for and residue to Mr. *Adrian Drift*,  
him and Mrs. *Elizabeth Cox*, abovemen-  
sity; tioned, to be equally divided between  
or them.

Thus, wishing Health, Honour,  
and Happiness to dear Lord HARLEY,  
and his Family; and to all my Friends  
in general, *Peace on Earth, and Good-  
will towards Men*; I recommend my  
Soul and Body to the Eternal and  
Ever-Blessed GOD, who gave me my  
Being:

*Deus es instaura Plasma Tuum, \**

THIS Will written with my own  
Hand, I Sign and Seal the Ninth of  
August, Anno Dom. 1721.

M. PRIOR.

---

i. e. Thou art God, restore thy Own Creature.

C

Signed,

Signed, Sealed, and Declared to be  
the Last *Will* and *Testament* of  
MATTHEW PRIOR, in the Presence  
of Us who saw him Seal, and Sub-  
scribe the same,

Witness,

James Gibbs.

William Thomas.

J. Worlock. .

---

PRObatum Londini Coram ve-  
nerabili viro Berney Branth-  
wayte Legum Doctore & Surro-  
gato Decimo Nono Die Mensis  
Septembris, Anno Dom. 1721.  
Juramento Adriani Drift, Unius  
Execut' in dicto Testamento  
nominat' : Cui Commissa fuit Ad-  
ministratio omnium & Singulo-  
rum Bonorum Jur' & Creditor'  
dicti def' ti de bene & fideli' Ad-  
ministrando eadem ad Sancta  
Dei Evangelia Jurat': Reser-  
vata potent, Similem Commen-  
faciendi Honor. Edwardo Domi-  
no Harley, alteri Executorum,  
& cum veterit eandem petitur.

of MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq; 15

---

# THRENUS:

O R,

## STANZAS on the Death of Mr. PRIOR.

### I.

*M*att. Prior?---- and we must submit!  
Is at his Journey's End:  
In whom the World has lost a *Wit* ;  
And I, what's more, a *Friend*.

### II.

Who vainly hopes long here to stay,  
May see with weeping Eyes ;  
Not only *Nature* posts-away,  
But e'en *Good-Nature* dies !

## III.

Shou'd grave *Ones* count these Praifes light,  
To such it may be faid;  
A *Man*, in this lamented *Wight*,  
Of *Busines*s too is dead.

## IV.

From Ancestors, as might a Fool !  
He trac'd no *High-fetch'd Stem* ;  
But gloriously revers'd the Rule,  
By *Dignifying them.*

## V.

O ! gentle *Cambridge* ! sadly say,  
• Why Fates are so unkind ?  
To snatch thy Giant-Sons away,  
• Whilst *Pygmies* stay behind.

Horace

of MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq; 17

VI.

*Horace* and *He* were call'd in haste,  
From this vile Earth to Heaven;  
The cruel Year not fully pass'd,  
*Ætatis*, Fifty-seven.

VII.

So on the Tops of *Lebanon*,  
Tall Cedars felt the Sword;  
To grace, by Care of *Solomon*,  
The Temple of the Lord.

VIII.

A Tomb, amidst the Learned, may  
The Western-Abbey give!  
Like Theirs, his Ashes must decay;  
Like Theirs, his Fame shall live.

18. MEMOIRS of the LIFE

IX.

Close, Carver ! by some well-cut Books,  
Let a thin Busto tell ;  
In spight of plump and pamper'd Looks,  
How scantly Sense can dwell !

X.

No Epitaph, of tedious Length,  
Shou'd ever-charge the Stone ;  
Since lofy 't Verse wou'd lose its Strength,  
In mentioning his Own.

XI.

At once ! and not Verbosely tame,  
Some brave Laconic-Pen  
Shou'd smartly touch his ample Name ;  
In Form of —— O RARE BEN !

THE

of MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq; 19

THE  
INSCRIPTION

Upon Mr. *PRIOR*'s  
MONUMENT

I N

*Westminster-Abbey.*

*Made by Dr. FREIND.*



Sui Temporis Historiam meditanti

Paulatim obrepens Febris

Operis simul & Vitæ filum

Abrupit

Sept. 18. An: Dom: 1721.

Ætat. 57.

H. S. E.

20 MEMOIRS of the LIFE

H. S. E.

Vir Eximus

Serenissimus

Regi GULIELMO Reginæq; MARIAE

In Congressione Fœderatorum

Hagæ Anno 1690 Celebrata,

Deinde Magnæ Britannie Legatis

Tum ijs

Qui Anno 1697 Pacem RYSWICKI confecerunt

Tum ijs,

Qui apud Gallos annis proximis Legationem obierunt

Eodem etiam Anno 1697 in Hibernia

SECRETARIUS;

Nec non in utroq; Honorabili confessu

Eorum,

Qui Anno 1700 ordinandis Commercij negotijs

Quiq; Anno 1711 dirigendis Pertorij rebus

Præsidebant,

COMMISSIONARIUS;

Postremò

Ab

of MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq; 21

Ab ANNA

Felicissimæ memorie Reginæ

Ad LUDOVICUM XIV. Galliæ Regem

Missus Anno 1711.

De pace stabienda,

(Pace etiamnum Durante

Diug; ut boni jam omnes sperant Duratura)

Cum Summa potestate Legatus.

MATHÆUS PRIOR Armiger

Qui

Hos omnes, quibus cumulatus est, Titulos

Humanitatis, Ingenij Eruditionis Laude

Superavit.

Cui enim nascenti faciles arriserant Musæ

Hunc Puerum Schola hic Regia perpolivit,

Juvenem in Collegio Sti. Johannis

Cantabrigia optimis Scientijs instruxit;

Virum deniq; auxit & perfecit

Multa cum viris Principibus consuetudo;

Ita Natus, ita Institutus

A

A Vatum Choro avelli nunquam potuit,  
Sed solebat s<sup>e</sup>pe rerum Civilium gravitatem  
Am<sup>æ</sup>niorum Literarum Studijs condire :  
Et cum omne adeo Poetices genus  
Haud infæliciter tentaret,  
Tum in Fabellis concinne lepideq; texendis  
Mirus Artifex

Neminem habuit parem.  
Hæc liberalis animi oblectamenta ;  
Quam nullo Illi labore constiterint,  
Facile ij perspexere, quibus usus est Amici ;  
Apud quos Urbanitatum & Leporum plenus  
Cum ad rem, quæcunq; forte inciderat,  
Apte variè copioseq; alluderet,  
Interea nihil quæsิตum, nihil vi expressum  
Videbatur,

Sed omnia ultro effluere,  
Et quasi jugi è fonte affatim exuberare  
Ita Suos tandem dubios reliquit,  
Effete in Scriptis Poeta Elegantior,  
An in Convictu Comes Jucundior.

of MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq; 23

Attempted in ENGLISH.

Whilst he was Writing

The *History of his Own Times*,

A lingering Fever

Put an End both to the Work and his Life

On the 18th Day of Sept. 1721,

In the 57th Year of his Age.

Here lies Interred, that Great Man,

Who was Secretary to their Most Serene Majesties

King WILLIAM and Queen MARY

At the Congress of the *Allies* held at the *Hague*, 1690.

He was thence,

Appointed Secretary

To those Ambassadors of *Great-Britain*

Who concluded the Peace of *Refwick*, 1697.

He was likewise Secretary

To the Two succeeding Embassies in *France*.

And

And in the Year 1697

Secretary of State in the Kingdom of *Ireland*.

In the Year 1700

He was Appointed One of the Lords Commissioners  
Of *Trade and Plantations*.

And in the Year 1711

Made One of the *Commissioners of the Customs*

And lastly,

Sent by her Majesty Queen *ANNE*,  
(of Blessed Memory)

In the Year 1711,

Plenipotentiary-Minister to *LEWIS XIV. King of France*

With the fullest Powers to Establish the *Peace*;

(A *Peace to this Day Lasting*,

And which,

That it may long Continue,  
Is the wish of all Good Men.)



of MATTHEW PRIOR, *Esq*; 25

MATTHEW PRIOR, *Esq*;

Who surpassed all the Characters

With which he was Invested,

By the Force of his Genius,

And the Politeness of his Erudition.

At whose Birth the gentle *Muses*

Smiled propitious.

The *Literature* of this *Royal Foundation*,\*

Trained up, and Embelished Him while a *Boy*,

St. JOHN's College in *Cambridge*

Endowed and furnished his *ripening Years*

With its brightest Sciences;

And at last,

A long and intimate Conversation

with the greatest Persons

Improved and finished the *Man*.

Thus Born, thus Educated,

---

\* *Westminster* School.

26      MEMOIRS of the LIFE

He could never be withdrawn  
From the *Choir* of the *Muses* ;  
But was often accustomed  
To Alleviate and Sweeten  
The fatigue of his *Publick Employments*,

And after Attempting almost  
Every *Species* of *Poetry* with Success,  
As in the agreeable and happy Manner  
Of Contriving and Delivering his *Tales*,  
This Wonderful *Artist* found no Equal.

The unlaboured Delicacy  
With which he Toyed in these Amusements,  
Was easily observed by All  
Whom he received into his Friendship :

In whose Company,  
If any Subject of Humour, causally occured,

He would treat it,  
Being full of Wit and Pleasantry,

With

of MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq; 27

With the most Copious, Apt, Sprightly

And Beautiful Turns,

Nothing appearing to be either Studied, or Forced,

But All rising from his Invention freely,

And flowing as from an Inexhaustible Fountain.

So, that he left it a Matter of Doubt

Amongst his Acquaintance,

Whether in his *Writings*

He was the more elegant *Poet* :

Or, in his Conversation

The more facetious *Companion*.

E P I T A P H *Extempore.*

Heralds, and Statesmen, by your leave,

Here lye the Bones of MATTHEW PRIOR;

The Son of ADAM and of EVE,

Can BOURBON, or NASSAU, go higher ?



## POSTSCRIPT.

**C**ELEST  
U PON the Accession of King WILLIAM and Queen MARY to the Throne, the Earl of *Dorset* was advanced to the Office of *Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household*; and as he never wanted it in his Inclination, he had it then in his Power, to recommend Persons of Desert to the Royal Favour.

AMONG these, he was very Early in his Provision for Mr. *Montague*, whom he thus Introduced to the KING, *May it please your Majesty, I have brought a Mouse to have the Honour of Kissing your Hand*; at which the KING smiled, and

and being told the Reason why he was so called, (from the Pamphlet before-mentioned) replied with his peculiar Raillery, *You will do well, my Lord, to put me in a Way of making a Man of Him*; and ordered him an immediate Pension of 500*l.* *per Annum*, out of the *Privy-Purse*.

THIS gave Occasion to the Writing of the *First Epistle to Fleetwood Sheppard*, Esq; who then, and for many Years, lived as a Friend and Companion with the Earl of *Dorset*. But Mr. PRIOR modestly excluded this Piece from among his POEMS, on Account of the *Point* in the *Close* of it. But all the Persons therein mentioned, being now Dead, and as it contains some Particulars of his LIFE, we have thought proper to insert it here.

THAT Ingenious Gentleman, Sir *Fleetwood Sheppard*, to whom it is Addressed, was Born at Great-Rowle-right

right in the County of *Oxford*, and Educated in that University. He was an excellent POET, as may be seen by his Compositions, particularly that Curious and Uncommon Performance, Intitled, *The Countess of Dorset's Petition to Queen MARY for Chocolate.*

He Died of an Apoplexy at his Seat of *Rowliright*, 1698, and was Interred in the Chancel of that Church, but without any Memorial.



THE



To the *Editor*,  
On the Publication of some of Mr.  
*P R I O R*'s Posthumous PIECES.

LET Tears no more lament the Dead in vain,  
— For see, our easy *P R I O R* lives again ;  
These genuine Lines the gentle Bard reveal,  
And paint that *Nature* he alone cou'd feel ;  
With tender Accents touch the soft'ning Soul,  
Or gaily Mock the *Philosophic-Fool*.

When *TURTURELLA* tells her piteous moan,  
Who does not make the Mourner's grief his own ?  
How ravishingly sweet the Numbers move,  
And breathe the dying Agonies of Love !  
Such sympathizing Tenderness impart,  
They melt the Reader's to a Lover's Heart.

But while th'inimitable Bard displays,  
The wanton *SPARROW* in gallanter Lays ;

The

To the *Editor.*

The Marriage-State is image'd to the Life,  
 The Careless Husband, and the Peevish Wife ;  
 The Troubles of the Fetlock'd-Couple shew,  
 And either Sex is open'd to the View.

Next, in *Down-Hall* we find his hum'rous Vein,  
 (Tho' *Essex* marshy Hundreds are the Scene )  
 A Place unheard of till by *PRIOR* nam'd,  
 Now *MORLEY* and *Down-Hall* alike are fam'd.

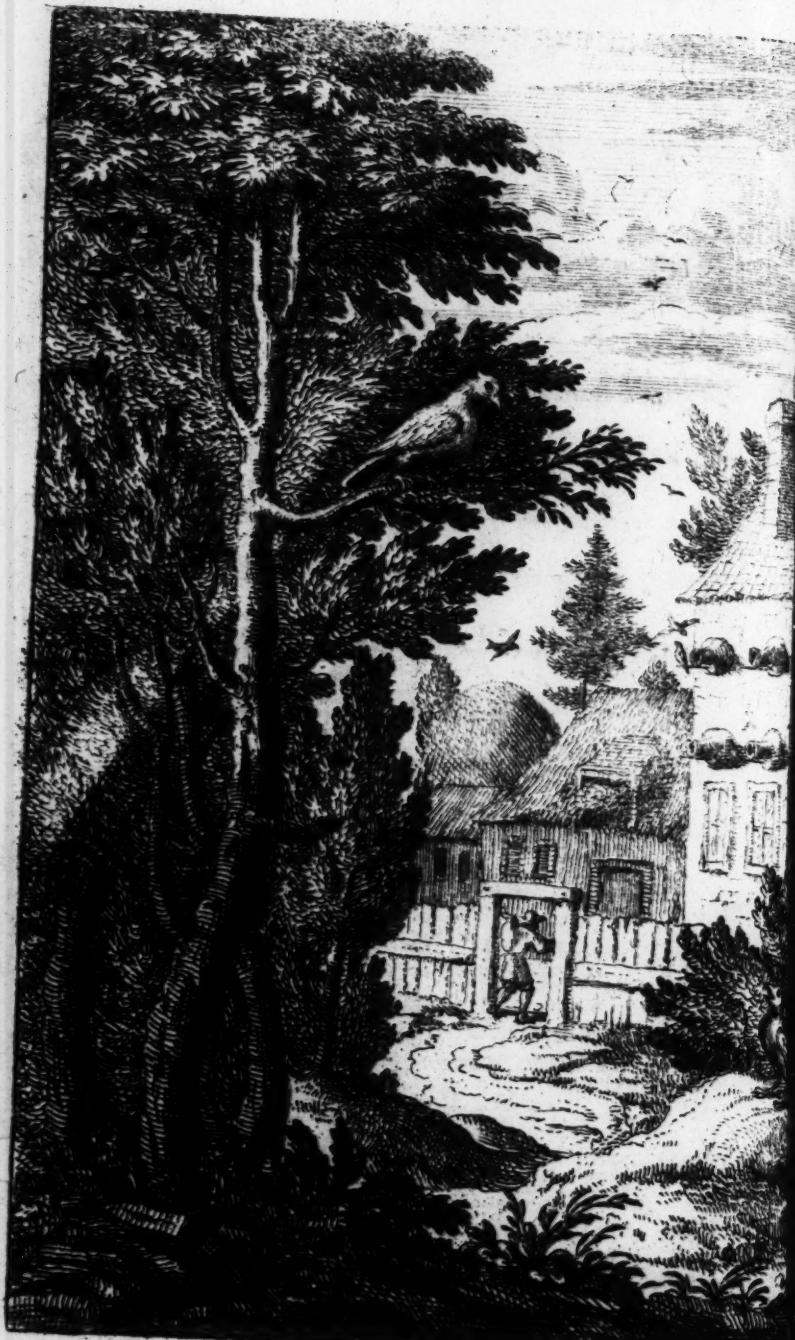
Thus Sung delightful *MATT*—but Sings no more,  
 Long since lamented on the lonesom Shore ;  
 Pensive for Him in vain my Voice essays,  
 To court *THALIA* to her Poet's praise ;  
 Like *TURTURELLA* she neglects her Charms,  
 Despairing of another *PRIOR*'s Arms :  
 Alike their Tenderness, alike their Woe,  
 For what *COLUMBO* was, is *PRIOR* now :  
 Time's Period past—He shall for Ever live,  
 And like these Labours by his Death revive.

W. PATTISON

LONDON, July 14, 1725.

THE





9. 11. 69



THE  
TURTLE and the SPARROW.

A

T A L E.

BEHIND an unfrequented Glade,  
Where *Eugh* and *Myrtle* mix their Shade,  
A Widow *Turtle* pensive sat,  
And wept her murder'd Lover's Fate.  
The *Sparrow* chanc'd that Way to walk,  
(A Bird that loves to chirp and talk)  
Besure he did the *Turtle* greet,  
She answer'd him as she thought meet.

2 POEMS on several Occasions.

*Sparrows* and *Turtles* by the bye,  
Can think as well as *You* or *I* :  
But how they did their Thoughts express,  
The Margin shows by *T*, and *S*.

*T.* My Hopes are lost, my Joys are fled,  
Alas! I weep *Columbo* dead :  
Come all ye winged Lovers, come,  
Drop *Pinks* and *Daisies* on his Tomb :  
Sing *Philomel* his Fun'ral Verse,  
Ye pious *Redbreasts* deck his Herse :  
Fair *Swans* extend your Dying-Throats,  
*Columbo*'s Death requires your Notes :  
*For Him, my Friends, for Him I moan,*  
*My dear Columbo, dead and gone.*

Stretch'd on the Bier *Columbo* lies,  
Pale are his Cheeks, and clos'd his Eyes ;  
Those Cheeks, where Beauty smiling lay ;  
Those Eyes, where Love was us'd to play :  
Ah cruel Fate, alas! how soon  
That Beauty and those Joys are flown!

*Columbo*

POEMS on several Occasions. 3

*Columbo* is no more, ye Floods,  
Bear the sad Sound to distant Woods ;  
The Sound let Echo's Voice restore,  
And say, *Columbo* is no more.

*To Floods, ye Woods, ye Echoes, moan*  
*My dear Columbo, dead and gone.*

The *Driads* all forsook the Wood,  
And mournful *Naiads* round me stood,  
The tripping *Fauns* and *Fairies* came,  
All conscious of our mutual Flame,  
*To sigh for him, with me to moan,*  
*My dear Columbo, dead and gone.*

VENUS disdain'd not to appear  
To lend my Grief a Friendly Ear ;  
But what avails her Kindness now ?  
She ne'er shall hear my *Second Vow* :  
The *Loves* that round their Mother flew,  
Did in her Face her Sorrows view.

Their drooping Wings they pensive hung,  
Their Arrows broke, their Bows unstrung ;

They heard attentive what I said,  
 And wept with me, *Columbo* dead ;  
 For Him I sigh, for Him I moan,  
 My dear *Columbo*, dead and gone.

"Tis Ours to Weep, great *VENUS* said,  
 "Tis *JOVE*'s alone to be Obey'd :  
 Nor Birds, nor Goddesses can move  
 The just Behests of Fatal *JOVE* ;  
 I saw thy Mate with sad Regret,  
 And curs'd the *Fowler*'s cruel Net :  
 Ah, dear *Columbo*, how he fell,  
 Whom *Turturella* lov'd so well !  
 I saw him bleeding on the Ground,  
 The Sight tore up my ancient Wound ;  
 And whilst you wept, alas, I cry'd,  
*COLUMBO* and *ADONIS* Dy'd.

Weep all ye Streams, ye Mountains groan,  
 I mourn *Columbo*, dead and gone ;  
 Still let my tender Grief complain,  
 Nor Day, nor Night that Grief restrain,

I said

POEMS on several Occasions. 5

I said, and VENUS still reply'd,  
COLUMBO and ADONIS Dy'd.

S. Poor Turturella, hard thy Case,  
And just thy Tears, alas, alas !  
T. And hast thou lov'd, and canst thou hear  
With piteous Heart a Lover's Care ?  
Come then, wirth Me thy Sorrows join,  
And ease My Woes by telling Thine :  
For Thou, poor Bird, perhaps may'st modnaid to  
Some Passerella dead and gone.

S. Dame Turtle, this runs soft in Rhime,  
But neither suits the Place nor Time ;  
That Fowler's Hand, whose cruel Care  
For dear Columbo set the Snare,  
The Snare again for Thee may set ;  
Two Birds may perish in One Net.  
Thou shou'dst avoid this cruel Field,  
And Sorrow shou'd to Prudence yield.  
Tis sad to Die. T. It may be so ;  
Tis sadder yet, to Live in Woe.

S. When

6 POEMS on several Occasions.

S. When Widows use their canting Strain,  
They seem resolv'd to wed again.

T. When Wid'wers wou'd this Truth disprove,  
They never tasted real Love.

S. Love is soft Joy and gentle Strife,  
His Efforts all depend on Life :  
When he has thrown Two Golden Darts,  
And struck the Lovers mutual Hearts ;  
Of his black Shafts let Death send One,  
Alas! the pleasing Game is done,  
Ill is the poor Survivor sped,  
A Corps feels mighty cold in Bed.  
VENUS said right, nor Tears can move,  
Nor plaints revoke the Will of JOVE.

All must obey the gen'ral Doom,  
Down from ALCIDES to Tom Thumb.  
Grim PLUTE will not be withheld  
By Force or Craft ; Tall Robinkood,  
As well as Little John, is dead.  
( You see how deeply I am read.)

With

POEMS on several Occasions. 7

With *Fate's* lean *Tipstaff* none can dodge,  
Hell find you out where e'er you lodge.

Ajax to shun his gen'ral Pow'r,  
In vain absconded in a *Flower*.

An idle Scene *TYTHONUS* acted,  
When to a *Grass-hopper* contracted :  
Death struck them in those Shapes again,  
As once he did when they were Men.

For Reptiles perish, Plants decay,  
M<sup>uch</sup> flesh is but *Grass*, *Grass* turns to *Hay*,  
And *Hay* to *Dung*, and *Dung* to *Clay*.  
Thus Heads extreamly nice, discover,  
That Folks may Die, some Ten times over ;  
But oft by too refin'd a touch,  
To prove Things plain, they prove too much.  
What e'er *PYTHAGORAS* may say,  
For each, you know, will have his Way)  
With great Submission I pronounce,  
That People Die no more than Once :

But

8 POEMS on several Occasions.

But Once is sure, and Death is Common  
To *Bird* and *Man* including *Woman*.  
From the Spread *Eagle* to the *Wren*,  
Alas! no Mortal Fowl knows when ;  
All that wear Feathers first or last,  
Must one Day perch on *CHARON*'s Mast ;  
Must lye beneath the *Cypress* Shade,  
Where *STRADA*'s *Nightingale* was laid.  
Those Fowl who seem Alive to fit,  
Assembled by *Dan CHAUCER*'s Wit,  
In Prose have slept Three Hundred Years,  
Exempt from worldly Hopes and Fears,  
And laid in State upon their Herse,  
Are truly but embalm'd in Verse.  
As sure as *LESBIA*'s *Sparrow* I,  
Thou, sure as *PRIOR*'s *Dove*, must Die :  
And ne'er again from *Lethe*'s Streams  
Return to *Adda*, or to *Thames*.  
*T.* I therefore weep *Columbo* dead,  
My Hopes bereav'd, my Pleasures fled ;

*Itber*

POEMS on several Occasions.

9

I therefore must for ever moan  
My dear Columbo dead and gone.

3. Columbo never sees your Tears,  
Your Cries Columbo never hears ;  
A Wall of Brass, and one of Lead,  
Divide the Living from the Dead.

Repell'd by this, the gather'd Rain  
Of Tears beats back to Earth again,  
t'other the Collected Sound  
Of Groans, when once receiv'd, is drown'd.

It is therefore vain one Hour to grieve  
What Time it-self can ne'er retrieve,  
By Nature soft, I know, a Dove  
Can never live without her Love ;  
Then quit this Flame, and light another ;  
To me, I advise you like a Brother.

7. What, I to make a second Choice?  
In other Nuptials to rejoice ?

5. Why not my Bird ? T. No Sparrow no,  
Let me indulge my pleasing woe :

Thus

40 . POEMS on several Occasions.

Thus fighting, coeing, ease my Pain,  
But never wish nor love again:  
Distress'd for ever let me moan  
*My dear Columbo, dead and gone.*

*S.* Our winged Friends thro' all the G.  
Contemn thy mad Excess of Love:  
I tell thee, Dame, the t'other Day  
I met a *Parrot* and a *Jay*,  
Who mock'd thee in their mimick Tone,  
*And wept Columbo, dead and gone.*

*T.* Whate'er the *Jay* or *Parrot* said,  
My Hopes are lost, my Joys are fled;  
And I for ever must deplore  
*Columbo dead and gone.* — *S. Encore:*  
For Shame forsake this *BION*-style,  
We'll talk an Hour, and walk a Mile.  
Does it with Sense or Health agree,  
To sit thus mooping on a Tree?  
To throw away a Widow's Life,  
When you again may be a Wife.  
and T

Com

POEMS on several Occasions. I I I

Come on, I'll tell you my Amours;—  
Who knows but they may inf'rense Yours?

Example draws, where Precept fails,  
And Sermons are less read than Tales.

T. Sparrow, I take thee for my Friend,  
As such will hear thee, I descend;  
Hop on, and talk, but honest Bird,  
Take care that no immodest Word  
May venture to offend my Ear.

S. Too Saint-like Turtle, never fear,  
Method Things are best discours'd,  
Begin we then with Wifel the first:—  
handsome, senseless, awkward Foglio or Bird  
who wou'd not Yield, and cou'd not Rule:  
her Actions did, her Charms disgrace,  
and still her Tongue talk'd off her Face.  
Count me the Leaves on yonder Tree,  
so many diff'rent Wills had she,  
and like the Leaves, as Chance inclin'd,  
those Wills were chang'd with every Wind.

W

C

She

She courted the Beau-Monde To-night,  
L'Assemblee her supreme Delight.  
The next she sat immur'd, unseen,  
And in full Health enjoy'd the Spleen.  
She censur'd that, she alter'd this,  
And with great Care set all amiss;  
She now cou'd chide, now laugh, now cry,  
Now sing, now pour, all, God knows why.  
Short was her Reign, she Cough'd and Dy'd,  
Proceed we to my Second Bride;  
Well Born she was, genteely Bred,  
And Buxom both at Board and Bed,  
Glad to oblige, and pleas'd to please,  
And, as TOM SOUTHERN wisely fays,  
No other Fault bad she in Life,  
But only that she was my WIFE.  
O Widow-Turtle! every She,  
(So Nature's Pleasure does Decree)  
Appears a Goddess till enjoy'd,  
But Birds, and Men, and Gods are cloy'd.

POEMS on several Occasions. 13

Was HERCULES One Woman's *Man*?

Or JOVE for ever LEDA's *Swan*?

Ah! Madam, cease to be mistaken,

Few marry'd Fowl peck *Dunmore-Bacon*.

Variety alone gives Joy,

The sweetest Meats the soonest cloy:

What Sparrow, Dame? what Dove alive?

Tho' VENTS shou'd the Char'ot drive,

But wou'd accuse the Harness-Weight,

If always Coupled to One Mate;

And often wish the Fetter broke,

'Tis Freedom but to Change the Yoke.

T. Impious to wish to Wed again,

E'er Death dissolv'd the former Chain.

S. Spare your Remark, and hear the rest,

She brought me Sons, but Jove be blest,

She Dy'd in Child-Bed on the Nest.

Well, rest her Bones, quoth I, she's gone:

But must I therefore grieve alone?

What, am I to her Memory ty'd ?  
 Must I not Live, because she Dy'd ?  
 And thus I *Logically* said,  
 ('Tis good to have a Reas'ning-Head )  
 Is this my WIFE ? *Probatur*, not ;  
 For Death dissolv'd the Marriage-Knot :  
 She was, *Concedo*, during Life ;  
 But, is a Piece of *Clay*, a Wife ?  
 Again, if not a Wife, d'ye see,  
 Why then no Kin at all to me :  
 And he who gen'ral Tears can shed  
 For Folks that happen to be Dead,  
 May e'en with equal Justice mourn  
 For those who never yet were Born.

*T.* Those Points indeed you quaintly prove,  
 But *Legick* is no Friend to *Love*.

*S.* My Children then were just pen-feather'd.  
 Some little Corn for them I gather'd,  
 And sent them to my Spouse's Mother,  
 So left that Brood to get another.

And

And as Old HARRY Whilome said,  
 Reflecting on ANNE BULLEN Dead,  
 Cocksbones, I now again do stand  
 The jolly'st Bachelor i'th' Land.

T. Ah me! my Joys, my Hopes are fled;  
 My first, my only Love is Dead.  
 With endless Grief let me bemoan  
 Columbo's Loss. S. Let me go on.  
 As yet my Fortune was but narrow,  
 woo'd my Cousin Philly Sparrow,  
 O'th' Elder House of Chirping-End,  
 From whence the younger Branch descend;  
 Well seated in a Field of Pease  
 She liv'd, extreamly at her Ease:  
 But when the Honey-Moon was past,  
 The following Nights were soon o'ercast,  
 She kept her own, could plead the Late,  
 And Quarrel for a Barley-Straw;  
 Both, you may judge became less kind,  
 As more we knew each other's Mind:

16 POEMS on several Occasions.

She soon grew *fuller*, I, *hard-hearted*,  
We scolded, hated, fought, and parted.  
To *LONDON*, *blessed Town*, I went,  
She Boarded at a *Farm* in *Kent*:  
*A Magpye* from the *Country* fled,  
And kindly told me she was *Dead*:  
I prun'd my *Feathers*, cock'd my *Tail*,  
And set my *Heart* again to *Sale*.

My *Fourth*, a *meer Coquet*, or such  
I thought her, nor avails it much,  
If true or false, our Troubles spring  
More from the *Fancy* than the *Thing*.  
Two *staring Horns*, I often said,  
But ill become a *Sparrow's Head*;  
But then, to set that *Balance* even,  
Your *Cuckold-Sparrow* goes to *Heaven*.  
The *Thing* you fear, suppose it done,  
If you enquire, you make it known.  
Whilst at the *Root* your *Horns* are *sore*,  
The more you scratch, they *ake* the more.

But turn the Tables and reflect,  
All may not be, that you suspect : Tis sovral  
By the Mind's Eye, the Horns, we mean,  
Are only in Ideas seen, mindom seeb dñw bñA  
Tis from the inside of the Head with ison I  
Their Branches shoot, their Antlers spread ; edz  
Fruitful Suspicions often bear them, i enly al  
You feel 'em from the Time you fear 'em.  
Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! that Echo'd word,  
Offends the Ear of Vulgar Bird ;  
But those of finer Taste have found  
There's nothing in't beside the sound.  
Preferment always waits on Horns,  
And Household Peace the Gift adorns :  
This Way, or That, let Factions tend,  
The Spark is still the Cuckold's Friend ;  
This Way, or That, let Madam roam,  
Well pleas'd and quiet she comes home.  
Now weigh the Pleasure with the Pain,  
The plus and minus, Loss and Gain,  
But

And

And what *La Fontaine* laughing says,  
 Is serious Truth, in such a Case; I  
 Who slight the Evil, finds it least,  
 And who does Nothing, does the best.  
 I never strove to rule the Roast,  
 She ne'er refus'd to pledge my Toast:  
 In Visits if we chanc'd to meet,  
 I seem'd obliging, she discreet;  
 We neither much, caref'd, nor strove,  
 But good Dissembling pass'd for Love.

T. Whate'er of Light our Eye may know,  
 'Tis only Light it self can show:  
 Whate'er of Love our Heart can feel,  
 'Tis mutual Love alone can tell.

S. My pretty, amorous, foolish Bird,  
 A Moment's Patience, in one Word,  
 The Three kind Sisters broke the Chain,  
 She Dy'd, I mourn'd, and woo'd again.

T. Let me with juster Grief deplore  
 My dear *Columbo*, now no more;

Let me with constant Tears bewail.—

S. Your Sorrow does but spoil my Tale.  
My Fifth she prov'd a jealous Wife,  
Lord shield us all from such a Life!

Twas Doubt, Complaint, Reply, Chit-Chat,  
Twas This, To-day, To-morrow, That.  
Sometimes forsooth, upon the Brook,

I kept a Miss; an honest *Rook* or *guiball*  
Told it a *Snipe*, who told a *Stear*,  
Who told it those, who told it her.  
One Day a *Linner* and a *Lark*  
Had met me stroleing in the Dark;

The next, a *Woodcock* and an *Owl*  
Quick-fighted, grave, and sober *Bowl*,  
Wou'd on their Corporal Oath alledge,  
kiss'd a *Hen* behind the Hedge.  
Well, Madam *Turtle*, to be brief,  
Repeating but renews our Grief)

As once she watch'd me, from a Rail,  
oor Soul! her Footing chanc'd to fail,

And

And down she fell, and broke her Hip,  
 The Fever came, and then the Pip :  
 Death did the only cure apply ;  
 She was at quiet, so was I.

T. Cou'd Love unmov'd these Changes vic  
 His Sorrows, as his Joys are true.

S. My dearest Dove, One wise Man says  
 Alluding to our present Case,  
 We're here To-day, and gone To-morrow :  
 Then what avails superfluous Sorrow ?  
 Another full as wife as he,  
 Adds ; that a Marry'd Man may see  
 Two happy Hours ; and which are they ?  
 The First and Last, perhaps you'll say ;  
 'Tis true, when blithe she goes to Bed,  
 And when she peaceably lies Dead ;  
 Women 'twixt Sheets are best, 'tis said,  
 Be they of Holland, or of Lead.

Now cur'd of HYMEN's Hopes and Fears,  
 And sliding down the Vale of Years,

I hoped to fix my future Rest,  
And took a *Widow* to my Nest.  
Ah *Turtle!* had she been like Thee,  
Sober, yet gentle; wise, yet free;  
But she was peevish, noisy, bold,  
A Witch ingrafted on a Scold:  
Joye in *PANDORA's Box* confin'd  
A Hundred Ills to vex Mankind;  
To vex one Bird, in her Bandore  
He hid at least a Hundred more:  
And soon as Time that Veil withdrew,  
The Plagues o'er all the Parish flew;  
Her Stock of borrow'd Tears grew dry,  
And Native Tempests arm'd her Eye,  
Black Clouds around her Forehead hung,  
And Thunder rattled on her Tongue.  
e, Young or Old, or *Cock* or *Hen*,  
I liv'd in *Æolus's Den*;  
the nearest her, the more accurst,  
far'd her Friends, her Husband worst.

But

But *JOVE* amidst his Anger spares,  
 Remarks our Faults, but hears our Pray'rs.  
 In short, she Dy'd, why then she's Dead  
 Quoth I, and once again I'll wed.  
 Wou'd Heaven this Mourning Year was past,  
 One may have better Luck at last.  
 Matters at worst are sure to mend,  
 The *DEVIL's* Wife was but a *Fiend*.

*T.* Thy Tale has rais'd a *Turtle's* Spleen,  
 Uxorious Inmate, Bird obscene,  
 Dar'st thou defile these Sacred Groves,  
 These silent Seats of faithful Loves?  
 Begone, with flagging Wings sit down  
 On some old *Pent-house* near the Town;  
 In *Brewers-Stables* peck thy Grain,  
 Then wash it down with puddled Rain:  
 And hear thy dirty Offspring Squall  
 From Bottles on a Suburb-Wall,  
 Where Thou hast been, return again,  
 Vile Bird! Thou hast convers'd with Men;

Notions like these, from Men are giv'n,

Those vilest Creatures under Heav'n.

To Cities and to Courts repair,

Wratt'ry and Falshood flourish there :

There, all thy wretched Arts employ,

Where *Riches* triumph over *Joy* ;

Where *Passions* do with *Int'rest* Barter,

And *HYMEN* holds, by *Mammon's* Charter ;

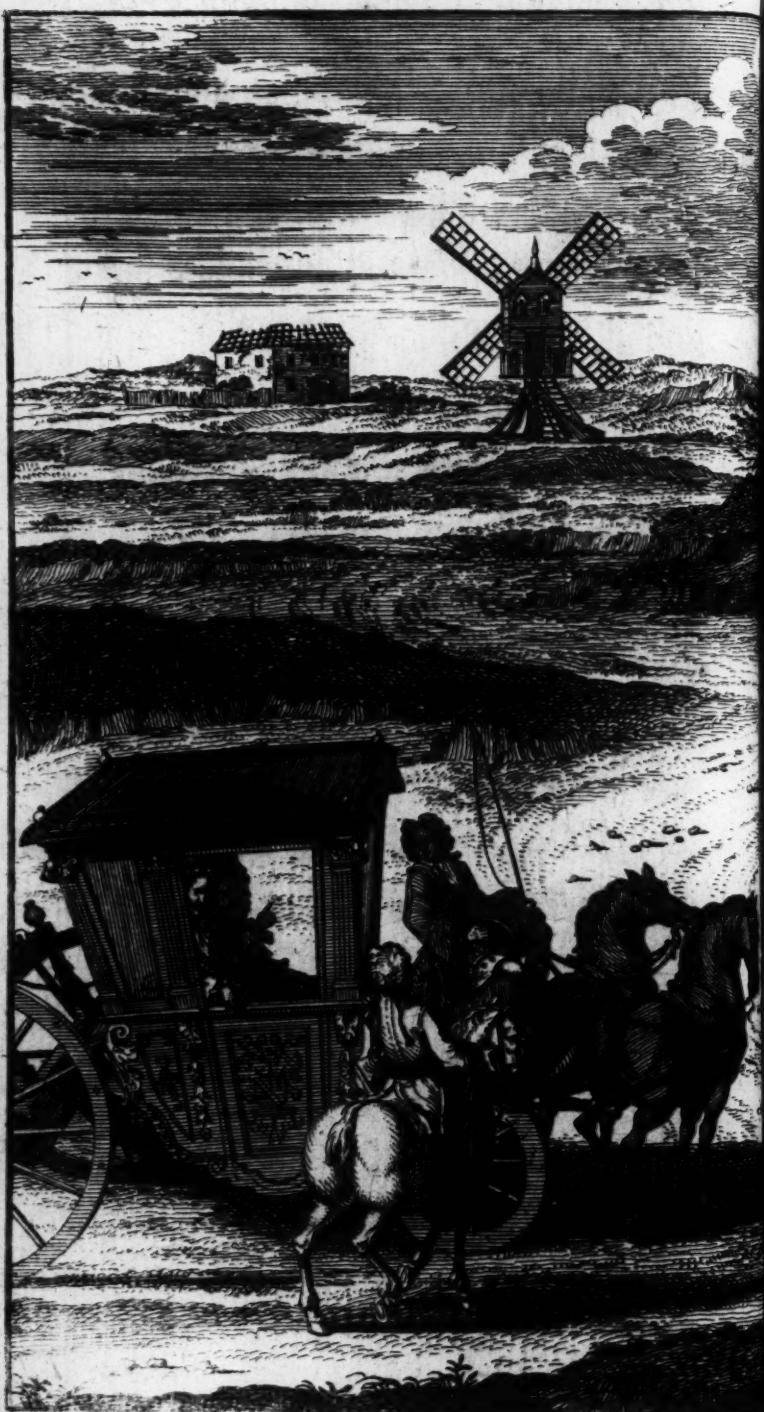
Where *Truth* by *Point of Law* is *Parry'd*,

And *Knaves* and *Prudes* are *Six-Times Marry'd*.



## La "Lingua Olimpica" de 1900





G. F. J.



# DOWN-HALL;

A

# ALLAD.

*the Tune of King JOHN, and the Abbot of  
CANTERBURY.*

Sing not old JASON, who Travell'd thro' Greece,  
To Kiss the fair Maids, and possess the rich Fleece :  
Sing I ÆNEAS, who led by his Mother,  
rid of One Wife, and went far for another,  
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

28 POEMS on several Occasions.

Nor Him who thro' *Asia* and *Europe* did roam,  
*ULYSSES* by Name, who ne'er cry'd to go home;  
But rather desir'd to see Cities and Men,  
Than return to his Farms, and Converse with old *PE*

Hang *HOMER* and *VIRGIL*; their meaning to seek,  
A Man must have pok'd in the *Latin* and *Greek*;  
Thoſe who Love our own Tongue, we have Reason to hope  
Have read them Translated by *DRYDEN* and *POPE*.

But I Sing Exploits, that have lately been done  
By Two *Britiſh* HEROES, call'd *MATTHEW* and *JOHN*  
And how they rid Friendly from fine *London-Town*,  
Fair *Essex* to see, and a Place they call *DOWN*.

Now e'er they went out, you may rightly suppose,  
How much they Discours'd, both in *Prudence* and *Proſe*:  
For before this great *Journey* was throughly concert'd,  
Full often they met; and as often they parted.

POEMS on several Occasions. 29

And thus *Matthew* said, look you here, my Friend *John*,  
I airly have Travell'd Years Thirty and One ;  
And tho' I still carry'd my *Sovereign's Warrants*,  
I only have gone upon other Folks Errands.

And now in this *Journey* of Life, I wou'd have  
Place where to Bait, t'wixt the *Court* and the *Grave* ;  
Where joyful to Live, not unwilling to Die—  
*Gadzooks*, I have just such a Place in my Eye.

There are Gardens so Stately, and Arbors so Thick,  
*Portal* of Stone, and a *Fabrick* of Brick.  
The Matter next Week shall be all in your Pow'r ;  
But the Money, *Gadzooks*, must be Paid in an Hour.

For Things in this World, must by Law be made certain,  
We Both must repair unto **OLIVER MARTIN** ;  
or he is a *Lawyer* of worthy Renown.  
I'll bring You to see ; he must fix you at **DOWN**.

Quoth.

Quoth MATTHEW, I know, that from *Berwick* to *Dover*  
 You have Sold all our Premisses over and over.  
 And now if your Buyers and Sellers agree,  
 You may throw all our Acres into the *South-Sea*.

But a word to the Purpose ; To-morrow, dear Friend  
 We'll see, what To-night you so highly commend.  
 And if with a Garden and Houſe I am bleſt ;  
 Let the *Devil* and *Con—y* go with the rest.

Then answer'd Squire MORLEY, pray get a *Calesch*,  
 That in *Summer* may Burn, and in *Winter* may Splash :  
 I love Dirt and Duſt ; and 'tis always my Pleaſure,  
 To take with me much of the Soil which I Meaſure.

But *Matthew* thought better : for *Matthew* thought right,  
 And hired a *Chariot* so trim and so tight,  
 That extreams both of *Winter* and *Summer* might paſs ;  
 For one *Window* was *Canvas*, the t'other was *Glaſs*.

POEMS on several Occasions. 31

Draw up quoth Friend *Matthew*; pull down quoth Friend  
We shall be both Hotter and Colder anon. *(John,*  
Thus Talking and Scolding, they forward did Speed;  
And RALPHO pac'd by, under NEWMAN the Sweed.

Into an old Inn, did this Equipage roll,  
At a Town they call *Hodsdon*, the Sign of the *Bull*,  
Near a *Nymph* with an Urn, that divides the High-way,  
And into a Puddle throws *Mother of Tea*.

Come here my sweet Landlady, pray how do you do?  
Where is *Siley* so cleanly, and *Prudence* and *Sue*?  
And where is the Widow that dwelt here below?  
And the Hossler that Sung about Eight Years ago?

And where is your Sister so mild and so dear?  
Whose Voice to her Maids like a Trumpet was clear,  
By my Troth, She replies, you grow Younger, I think:  
And pray Sir, what Wine does the Gentleman drink?

Why

32 POEMS on several Occasions.

Why now let me Die, Sir, or live upon Trust,  
If I know to which Question to answer you first.  
Why Things since I saw you, most strangely have vary'd  
And the Hostler is Hang'd, and the Widow is Marry'd

And PRUE left a Child for the Parish to Nurse;  
And SISLEY went off with a Gentleman's Purse;  
And as to my Sister so mild and so dear,  
She has lain in the Church-yard full many a Year.

Well, Peace to her Ashes; what signifies Grief:  
She Roasted red-Veal, and she Powder'd lean-Beef:  
Full nicely she knew to Cook up a fine Dish;  
For tough was her Pullets, and tender her Fibs.

For that matter, Sir, be ye Squire, Knight, or Lord,  
I'll give you whate'er a good Inn can afford:  
I shou'd look on myself as unhappily Sped,  
Did I yield to a Sister, or Living, or Dead.

Of *Mutton*, a delicate Neck and a Breast,  
Shall Swim in the *Water* in which they were Drest :  
And because You great Folks are with Rarities taken,  
Aidle-*Eggs* shall be next Course, tost up with rank-*Bacon*.

The Supper was Serv'd, and the Sheets they were laid ;  
And *MORLEY* most lovingly whisper'd the Maid.  
The Maid was She handsome ? why truly so, so :  
But what *MORLEY* whisper'd, we never shall know.

Then up rose these *Heroes* as brisk as the Sun,  
And their Horses like his, were prepared to Run.  
Now when in the Morning *MATT.* ask'd for the Score,  
*JOHN* kindly had paid it the Evening before.

Their Breakfast so warm to be sure they did Eat :  
Custom in Travellers, mighty Discreet,  
thus with great Friendship and glee they went on  
to find out the Place you shall hear of anon,  
*call'd Down, down, hey derry down.*

But

But what did they talk of from Morning 'till Noon  
Why, of Spots in the *Sun*, and the Man in the *Moon*  
Of the **CZAR**'s gentle Temper, the Stocks in the City,  
The wise Men of *Greece*, and the Secret-Committee.

So to **HARLOW** they came; and hey, where are You?  
Show Us into the Parlor, and mind when I call:  
Why, your Maids have no motion, your Men have none  
Well Master, I hear you have Bury'd your *Wife*.

Come this very instant, take Care to provide  
*Tea, Sugar, and Toast*, and a *Horse*, and a *Guide*.  
Are the *Harrison*'s here, both the Old and the Young?  
And where stands fair **DOWN**, the delight of my Son?

O Squire, to the Grief of my Heart I may say,  
I have Bury'd Two *Wives* since you Travell'd this way;  
And the *Harrison*'s both may be presently here;  
And **DOWN** stands, I think, where it stood the last Year.

POEMS on several Occasions. 35.

Then JOAN brought the *Tea-pot*, and CALEB the *Tvaff* ;  
And the *Wine* was froth'd-out by the Hand of my Host :  
But we clear'd our Extempore Banquet so fast,  
That the *Harrison's* both were forgot in the haste.

Now hey for *Down-Hall* ; for the Guide he was got ;  
The *Chariot* was mounted ; the *Horses* did trot ;  
The Guide he did bring us a Dozen Mile round :  
But O ! all in vain ; for no *Down* cou'd be found.

O ! thou *Popish* Guide, thou hast led us astray.  
Says he ; how the Devil shou'd I know the way ?  
Never yet travell'd this Road in my life :  
*Down* lyes on the left, I was told by my *Wife*.

Thy *Wife*, answer'd MATTHEW, when she went abroad,  
Ever told Thee of half the bye-ways she had trod :  
Perhaps She met Friends, and brought Pence to Thy House  
But Thou shalt go home without ever a Soufe.

E

What

36. POEMS on several Occasions.

What is this thing MORLEY, and how can you mean it?  
We have lost our Estate here, before we have seen it.  
Have Patience, soft MORLEY in anger reply'd :  
To find out our way, let us send off our Guide.

O here I spy *Down* : cast your Eye to the *West*,  
Where a *Wind-mill* so stately stands plainly Consett.  
On the *West* reply'd MATTHEW, no *Wind-mill* I find :  
As well Thou may'st tell me, I see the *West-wind*.

Now pardon me, MORLEY, the *Wind-mill* I spy ;  
But faithful ACHATES, no *House* is there nigh.  
Look again, says mild MORLEY, *Gadzooks* you are blind :  
The *Mill* stands before ; and the *House* lyes behind.

O now a low ruin'd white *Shed* I discern,  
Untyl'd and unglaz'd ; I believe 'tis a *Barn*,  
A *Barn*? why you rave : 'Tis a *House* for a Squire,  
A Justice of Peace, or a Knight of our Shire.

A House shou'd be Built, or with *Brick*, or with *Stone*.  
Why, 'tis *Plaster* and *Lath*; and I think, that's all *One*.  
And such as it is, it has stood with great *Fame*,  
Been called a *Hall*, and has given its *Name*  
To Down, down, *bey derry down*.

O MORLEY, O MORLEY, if that be a *Hall*;  
The *Fame* with the *Building* will suddenly fall—  
With your Friend JIMMY GIBBS about *Buildings* agree,  
My *Business* is *Land*; and it matters not me.

I wish you cou'd tell, what a duce your head ails :  
I show'd you *Down-Hall*; did you look for *Versailles*?  
Then take *House* and *Farm*, as JOHN BALLET will let you :  
For better for worse, as I took my Dame BETTY.

And now, Sir, a word to the Wise is enough ;  
You'll make very little of all your Old Stuff :  
And to build at your Age, by my Troth, you grow simple.  
Are You Young and Rich, like the *Master of Wimble*?

38 POEMS on several Occasions.

If You have these Whims of Apartments and Gardens,  
From Twice Fifty Acres you'll ne'er see five Farthing  
And in Yours I shall find the true Gentleman's Far-  
E'er you finish your House, you'll have spent your Estate

Now let Us touch Thumbs, and be Friends e'er we part  
Here, JOHN, is my Thumb; and here MATT, is my Hand  
To *Halstead* I speed; and You go back to Town.  
Thus ends the *First part of the Ballad of DOWN.*

*Derry down, down, key derry down*





A N  
E P I S T L E  
T O

*Fleetwood Sheppard, Esq;*

---

*Written Anno. 1689.*

---

W Hen crowding Folks, with strange ill Faces,  
Were making Legs, and begging Places,  
And some with *Patents*, some with *Merit*,  
Sir'd out my good *Lord Dorset's* Spirit:  
N o speaking, I stood, among the Crew,  
Desiring much to speak with You.

I waited while the Clock struck Thrice,  
 And Footman brought out fifty Lies ;  
 Till Patience vext, and Legs grown weary,  
 I thought it was in vain to tarry :  
 But did Opine it might be better,  
 By Penny-Post to send a Letter ;  
 Now, if you miss of this Epistle,  
 I'm baulk'd again, and may go whistle.

My Bus'ness, Sir, You'll quickly guesf,  
 Is to desire some little Place,  
 And fair Pretensions I have for't,  
 Much Need, and very small Desert.  
 When e'er I writ to You, I wanted ;  
 I always begg'd, You always granted,  
 Now, as You took me up when Little,  
 Gave me my Learning, and my Vittle :  
 Askt for me, from my Lord, things fitting,  
 Kind as I'd been your own begetting ;  
 Confirm what formerly You've given,  
 Nor leave me now at Six and Sevens  
 As Sunderland has left Mun Stephens.

No Family that takes a Whelp,  
When first he laps, and scarce can yelp,  
Neglects, or turns him out of Gate,  
When He's grown up to Dog's Estate:  
Nor Parish if they once adopt  
The spurious Brats that Strolers dropt,  
Leave 'em when grown up Lusty Fellows,  
To the wide World, that is the *Gallows*:  
No, thank 'em for their Love, that's worse,  
Than if they'd throttled 'em at Nurse,  
My Uncle, rest his Soul, when Living,  
Might have contriv'd me ways of Thriving;  
Taught me with *Cyder* to replenish  
My Vats, or ebbing Tide of *Rbenish*.  
So when for *Hock* I drew Prickt *White-wine*,  
Swear'd had the flavour, and was right *Wine*:  
Or sent me with Ten Pounds to *Furnival's* Inn, to some good Rogue-Attorney;  
Where now by forging Deeds, and cheating,  
I'd found some handsom ways of getting.

All

All this, You made me quit to follow  
That sneaking Whey-fac'd God *Apollo*.

Sent me among a Fidling Crew  
Of Folks, I'd never seen nor knew,  
*Calliope*, and God knows who.

To add no more Invectives to it,  
You spoil'd the Youth to make a Poet.  
In common Justice, Sir, there's no Man  
That makes the Whore but keeps the Woman  
Among all honest Christian People,  
Whoe'er breaks Limbs, maintains the Cripple.

The Sum of all I have to say,  
Is, that you'd put me in some way,  
And your *Petitioner* shall Pray—

There's One thing more, I had almost slippt,  
But they may do as well in *Post-script* ;  
My Friend *Charles Montague*'s preferr'd,  
Nor wou'd I have it long observ'd,  
That *One Mouse* Eats, while *T'Other's* Starv'd.

A N

# ODE,

In Imitation of the Second ODE of  
the Third Book of HORACE.

---

*Written 1692.*

---

I.

**I** OW long, deluded *Albion*, wilt Thou lie (a)  
In the Lethargic Sleep, the sad Repose,  
By which thy close, thy constant Enemy,  
Has softly lull'd Thee to Thy Woes ?

Or

---

(a) *Angustum, amici, Pauperiem pati*  
*Robustus acri Militia Puer*  
*Condiscat, & Parthos feroce*  
*Vexet eques metuendus hastâ.*

Or Wake, degenerate Isle, or Cease to own  
 What Thy Old Kings in *Gallic* Camps have done;  
 The Spoils They brought Thee back, the Crowns They won  
*WILLIAM* (so Fate requires) again is Arm'd;

Thy Father to the Field is gone:  
 Again *MARIA* weeps Her absent Lord;  
 For Thy Repose content to Rule alone.  
 Are Thy Enervate Sons not yet Alarm'd?  
 When *WILLIAM* Fights, dare they look tamely on,  
 So slow to get their Ancient Fame Restor'd,  
 As nor to melt at Beauty's Tears, nor follow Valour's Sword.

## II.

See the Repenting Isle Awakes,  
 Her Vicious Chains the generous Goddess breaks:  
 The Foggs around Her Temples are Dispell'd;  
 Abroad She Looks, and Sees Arm'd *Belgia* stand  
 Prepar'd to meet their common Lord's Command;  
 Her Lyons Roaring by Her Side, Her Arrows in Her Hand,  
 And Blushing to have been so long with-held,  
 Weeps off Her Crime, and hastens to the Field:

(b) Hence.

(b) Henceforth Her Youth shall be inur'd to bear  
Hazardous Toil and Active War :  
To march beneath the Dog-Star's raging Heat,  
Patient of Summer's Drought, and Martial Sweat ;  
And only Grieve in Winter's Camps to find,  
Its Days too short for Labours They design'd :  
All Night beneath hard, heavy Arms to Watch ;  
All Day to Mount the Trench, to Storm the Breach ;  
And all the rugged Paths to tread,  
Where *WILLIAM*, and his Virtue lead.

III.

(c) Silence is the Soul of War ;  
Delib'rate Counsel must prepare  
The Mighty Work, which Valour must compleat :  
Thus *WILLIAM* Rescu'd, thus Preserves the State ;  
Thus Teaches Us to Think and Dare ;  
As whilst his Cannon just prepar'd to Breathe  
Avenging Anger, and swift Death,

F

In

---

(b) *Vitamque sub Dio & trepidis agat*  
*In rebus.*

(c) *Est & fidi tuta silentio*  
*Merces, &c.*

48      POEMS on several Occasions.

In the try'd Mettle the close Dangers glow,  
And now too late the Dying Foe  
Perceives the Flame, yet cannot ward the Blow ;  
So whilst in *WILLIAM*'s Breast ripe Counsels lie,  
Secret and sure as Brooding Fate,  
No more of His Design appears,  
Than what Awakens *Gallia*'s Fears ;  
And (though Guilt's Eye can sharply penetrate)  
Distracted *Lewis* can discry  
Only a long unmeasur'd Ruin nigh.

IV.

On Norman Coasts and Banks of frighted *Seine*,  
Lo ! the Impending Storms begin :  
*Britannia* safely through her Master's Sea  
Plows up her Victorious Way.  
The French *Salmoness* throws his Bolts in vain,  
Whilst the true Thunderer asserts the Main :

"Tis

POEMS on several Occasions. 49

Tis done ! to Shelves and Rocks his Fleets retire,  
Swift Victory in Vengeful Flames  
Burns down the Pride of their Presumptuous Names :  
They run to Shipwrack to avoid our Fire,  
And the torn Vessels that regain their Coast  
Are but sad Marks to shew the rest are lost :  
All this the Mild, the Beauteous, *Queen* has done,  
And *WILLIAM*'s softer-Half shakes *Lewis*' Throne :

*MARIA* does the Sea command  
Whilst *Gallia* flies her Husband's Arms by Land,  
So, the *Sun* absent, with full sway, the *Moon*  
Governs the Isles, and rules the Waves alone ;  
So *Juno* thunders when her *Fove* is gone.  
*Britannia* ! loose thy Ocean's Chains,  
Whilst *Russel* strikes the Blow Thy *Queen* ordains :  
Thus Rescu'd, thus Rever'd, for ever stand,  
And bless the Counsel, and Reward the Hand,  
*Britannia* ! thy *MARIA* Reigns.

## V.

From *M A R T*'s Conquests, and the Rescu'd Main, (d)  
 Let *France* look forth to *Sambre*'s armed Shore,  
 And boast her Joy for *WILLIAM*'s Death no more.  
 He lives, let *France* confess, the Victor lives :  
 Her Triumphs for his Death were vain,  
 And spoke her Terrour of his Life too plain.  
 The mighty years begin, the day draws nigh,  
 In which *That One* of *Lewis*' many Wives,  
 Who by the baleful force of guilty Charms,  
 Has long enthral'd Him in Her wither'd Arms,  
 Shall o'er the Plains from distant Tow'rs on high,  
 Cast around her mournful Eye,

And with Prophetick Sorrow cry :

(d) ——— *Illum ex manibus hostiis.*  
*Matrona bellantis Tyranni*  
*Prospiciens, & adulta virgo*  
*Suspirat, eheu ! ne rudit agminum*  
*Sponsus, lacepsat regius asperam*  
*Tactu leonem quem cruenta*  
*Per medias rapit Ira Cedes.*

Why does my ruin'd Lord retard his flight?  
Why does Despair provoke his Age to fight?  
As well the Wolf may venture to engage  
The angry Lyon's gen'rrous rage;  
The rav'rous Vultur, and the Bird of Night,  
As safely tempt the stooping Eagle's flight,  
As *Lewis* to unequal Arms defy  
Yon' *Heroe*, crown'd with blooming Victory,  
Just triumphing o'er Rebel rage restrain'd,  
And yet unbreathe'd from Battels gain'd.  
See! all yon' dusty Fields quite cover'd o'er  
With hostile Troops, and **ORANGE** at their Head,  
**ORANGE** destin'd to compleat  
The great Designs of labouring Fate,  
**ORANGE** the Name that Tyrants dread:  
He comes, our ruin'd Empire is no more,  
Down, like the *Persian*, goes the *Gallic* Throne,  
*Darius* flies, Young *Ammon* urges on.

## VI.

Now from the dubious Battel's mingled heat,  
 Let fear look back, and stretch her hasty Wing, (e)  
 Inpatient to secure a base retreat :  
 Let the pale Coward leave his Wounded King,  
 For the vile privilege to breathe,  
 To live with shame in dread of glorious Death ;  
 In vain : for Fate has swifter Wings than fear,  
 She follows hard, and strikes him in the rear,  
 Dying and Mad the Traytor bites the ground,  
 His Back transfix'd with a dishonest Wound ;  
 Whilst through the fiercest Troops, and thickest Press,  
 Virtue carries on Success ;  
 Whilst equal Heav'n guards the distinguisht brave,  
 And Armies cannot hurt whom Angels save.

## VII. Virtue

(e) *Duce & decorum est pro Patria mori,*  
*Mors & fugacem prosequitur Virum*  
*Nec parcit imbellis Juvente*  
*Pro litibus timidoque terga.*

VII.

Virtue to Verse immortal Lustre gives,  
Each by the other's mutual Friendship lives ;  
*Eneas* suffer'd, and *Achilles* fought,  
The Heroe's Acts enlarg'd the Poet's thought,  
Or *Virgil's* Majesty, and *Homer's* Rage  
Had ne'er like lasting Nature vanquish'd Age ;  
Whilst *Lewis* then his rising Terrour drowns  
With Drums, Alarms, and Trumpets Sounds,  
Whilst hid in arm'd Retreats and guarded Towns,  
From Danger as from Honour far,  
He bribes close Murder against open War :  
In vain you *Gallic* Muses strive  
With labour'd Verse to keep his Fame alive,  
Your mouldring Monuments in vain Ye raise  
On the weak Basis of the Tyrant's Praise :  
Your Songs are sold, your Numbers are Prophane,  
'Tis Incense to an Idol given,  
Meat offer'd to *Prometheus'* Man,  
That had no Soul from Heaven.

Against

Against his Will you chain your frightened King  
 On rapid *Rhine's* divided Bed ;  
 And Mock your *Heroe*, whilst ye Sing  
 The Wounds for which he never bled ;  
 Falshood does poyson on your Praise difuse,  
 And *Lewis'* fear gives Death to *Beileau's* Muse.

## VIII.

On it's own Worth True Majesty is rear'd, (f)  
 And Virtue is her own Reward,  
 With solid Beams and Native Glory bright,  
 She neither Darkness dreads, nor covets Light ;  
 True to Her-self, and fix't to inborn Laws,  
 Nor sunk by spight, nor lifted by Applause,  
 She from Her settled Orb looks calmly down,  
 On Life or Death, a Prison, <sup>or</sup> a Crown.

---

(f) *Virtus repulsa nescia sordida*  
*Intaminatis fulget Honoribus*  
*Nec ponit aut sumit secures*  
*Arbitrio popularis aura.*

When bound in double Chains poor *Belgia* lay  
To foreign Arms, and inward strife a Prey,  
Whilst One Good Man buoy'd up Her sinking State,  
And Virtue labour'd against Fate ;  
When fortune basely with ambition joyn'd,  
And all was conquer'd but the *Patriot's* mind,  
When Storms let loose, and raging Seas  
Just ready the torn Vessel to o'erwhelm,  
Forc'd not the faithful Pilot from his Helm,  
Nor all the *Syren* Songs of future Peace,  
And dazzling Prospect of a promis'd Crown,  
Could lure his stubborn Virtue down ;  
But against Charms, and Threats, and Hell, He stood,  
To that which was severely good ;  
When, had no Trophies justified his Fame,  
No Poet blest his Song with *NASSAU's* Name,  
Virtue alone did all That Honour bring,  
And Heaven as plainly pointed out *The KING*,  
As when He at the Altar stood  
In all his Types and Robes of Pow'r,  
Whilst at His Feet Religious *Britain* bow'd,  
And own'd him next to what We there Adore.

## IX.

Say joyful *Maeſe*, and *Boyne's* Victorious Flood,  
 (For each has mixt his Waves with Royal Blood)  
 When *WILLIAM*'s Armies past, did He retire,  
 Or view from far the Battel's distant Fire?  
 Could He believe His Person was too dear?  
 Or use His Greatness to conceal His Fear?  
 Could Pray'rs or Sighs the dauntless *Heroe* move?  
 Arm'd with Heav'n's Justice, and His People's Love,  
 Through the first Waves He wing'd His Vent'rous Way,

And on the Adverse Shore arose,  
 (Ten thousand flying Deaths in vain oppose)  
 Like the great Ruler of the Day,  
 With Strength and Swiftneſſ mounting from the Seas:  
 Like Him all Day He Toil'd, but long in Night,  
 The God had eas'd His weary'd light,  
 E'er Vengeance left the stubborn Foes,  
 Or *WILLIAM*'s Labours found repose;  
 When His Troops falter'd, ſtept not He between,  
 Restor'd the dubious Fight again,  
 Mark'd out the Coward that durſt fly,  
 And led the fainting Brave to Victory? Still

Still as she fled Him, did He not o'ertake  
Her doubtful course, still brought Her Bleeding back ?  
By his keen Sword did not the boldest fall ?  
Was he not King, Commander, Soldier All—?  
His Dangers such, as with becoming Dread,  
His Subjects yet Unborn shall 'Weep to Read ;  
And were not those the only Days that e'er  
The Pious Prince refus'd to hear  
His Friends Advices; or His Subjects Pray'r.

X.

Where'er old *Rhine* his fruitful Water turns,  
Or fills his Vassals Tributary Urns ;  
To *Belgia*'s fav'd Dominions, and the Sea,  
Whose righted Waves rejoice in *WILLIAM*'s sway :  
Is there a Town where Children are not Taught,  
Here *Holland* Prosper'd, for here *ORANGE* Fought,  
Through Rapid Waters, and through flying Fire,  
Here rush'd the Prince ; Here made whole *France* retire.—  
By diff'rent Nations be this Valour blest,  
In diff'rent Languages confess,  
And then let *Shannon* Speak the rest :

Let

Let *Shannon* Speak, how on her wond'ring Shore,  
 When Conquest hov'ring on his Arms did wait,  
 And only ask'd some Lives to Bribe her o'er;  
 The God-like Man, the more than Conqueror,  
 With high Contempt sent back the specious Bait,  
 And Scorning Glory at a Price too great,  
 With so much Pow'r, such Piety did joyn,  
 As made a Perfect Virtue Soar  
 A Pitch unknown to Man before,  
 And lifted *Shannon's* Waves o'er those of *Boyne*.

## XI.

Nor do his Subjects only share  
 The Prosp'rous Fruits of his Indulgent Reign ;  
 His Enemies approve the Pious War,  
 Which, with their Weapon, takes away their Chain :  
 More than His Sword, His Goodness strikes His Foe  
 They Bless His Arms, and Sigh they must oppose  
 Justice and Freedom on his Conquests wait,  
 And 'tis for Man's Delight that He is Great :  
 Succeeding Times shall with long Joy contend,  
 If He were more a Victor, or a Friend :

So much His Courage and His Mercy strive,  
He Wounds, to Cure ; and Conquers, to Forgive.

XII.

Ye Heroes, that have Fought your Country's Cause,  
Redress'd Her Injuries, or Form'd Her Laws,  
To my Advent'rous Song just Witness bear,  
Assist the Pious Muse, and hear Her Swear,  
That 'tis no Poet's Thought, no Flight of Youth,  
But solid Story, and severest Truth,  
That *WILLIAM* Treasures up a greater Name,  
Than any Country, any Age, can Boast :

(g) And all that Ancient Stock of Fame  
He did from His Fore-Fathers take,  
He has improv'd, and gives with Inter'st back ;  
And in His Constellation does unite  
Their scatter'd Rays of Fainter Light :

Gold and Gold Above

---

(g) *Virtus recludens immeritis Mori  
Cælum, negatâ tentat iter viâ  
Cœtusque vulgares & udam  
Spernit humum fugiente pennâ.*

60 POEMS on several Occasions.

Above or Envy's lash, or Fortun's Wheel,  
That settled Glory shall for ever dwell  
Above the Rowling Orbs, and common Sky,  
Where nothing comes that e'er shall Die.

XIII.

Where Roves the Muse? Where thoughtless to return?  
Is her short liv'd Vessel Borne,  
By Potent Winds too subject to be lost?  
And in the Sea of *WILLIAM*'s Praifes lost?  
Nor let her tempt that Deep, nor make the Shore  
Where our abandon'd Youth She sees  
Shipwrackt in Luxury, and lost in Ease;  
Whom nor *Britannia*'s Danger can alarm,  
Nor *WILLIAM*'s Exemplary Virtue warm:  
Tell 'em howe'er the *King* can yet Forgive  
Their Guilty Sloth, their Homage yet Receive,  
And let their wounded Honour live:

But sure and sudden be their just Remorse ;  
Swift be their Virtues rise, and strong its Course ; (b)  
For though for certain Years and destin'd Times,  
Merit has lain confus'd with Crimes ;  
Though *Love* seem'd Negligent of human Cares,  
Nor Scourg'd our Follies, nor return'd our Prayers.  
His Justice now Demands the equal Scales,  
Sedition is Supprest, and Truth Prevails :  
Fate it's great Ends by slow Degrees Attains,  
And *Europe* is Redeem'd, and *WILLIAM* Reigns.

---

(b) ————— *Sape Diespiter*  
*Neglectus incesto addidit Integrum*  
*Rario antecedentem Scelustum*  
*Deseruit Pede pena Clando.*



## VERSES

Spoke to the

# LADY Henrietta-Cavendish Holles Harley

In the LIBRARY of

St. John's COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

November the 9th, An. 1719.

MADAM,  
SINCE ANNA visited the Muses Seat,  
(Around Her Tomb let weeping Angels wait)  
Hail THOU, the Brightest of thy Sex, and Bell  
Most gracious Neighbour, and most welcome Guest  
Not HARLEY's Self to *Cam* and *Ijs* dear,  
In Virtues and in Arts great OXFORD's Heir,  
Not HE such present Honours shall receive,  
As to his CONSORT We aspire to give.

212577

## Writing

Writings of Men our Thought to Day neglects,  
To pay due Homage to the Softer Sex:  
Plato and *Tully* We forbear to read,  
And their great Followers whom this House has  
To study Lessons from Thy Morals given, (bred,  
And shining Characters, impress'd by Heaven.  
Science in Books no longer We pursue,  
*Minerva's* Self in *HARRIET's* Face We view;  
For when with Beauty we can Virtue join,  
We paint the Semblance of a Form Divine.

Their pious Incense let our Neighbours bring,  
To the kind Mem'ry of some bounteous King,  
With grateful Hand, due Altars let Them raise  
To some good Knight's, or holy Prelate's Praise;  
We tune our Voices to a nobler Theme,  
Your Eyes We bless, your Praises We proclaim, }  
St. John's was founded in a Woman's Name: }  
Unjoin'd by Statute, to the Fair We bow; }  
In Spight of Time, We keep our antient Vow; }  
What *Margaret Tudor* was, is *Harriet Harley* now.

PROLOGUE  
TO THE  
O R P H A N.

Represented by some of the *Westminster-Scholars*  
at *Hickford's Dancing-Room*, the 2d of  
February, 1720.

Spoken by the LORD *DUPLIN*, who Acted  
*C O R D E L I O.*

**W**HAT wou'd my humble Comrades  
have Me say?

Gentle Spectators, pray excuse the  
Play?

Such Work by hireling Actors shou'd be done,  
Whom You may Clap or Hiss, for half a Crown:  
Our generous Scenes for Friendship We repeat;  
And if We don't delight, at least We treat.

Ours

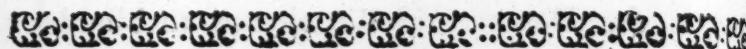
Ours is the Damage, if We chance to blunder ;  
We may be ask'd whose Patent We act under.

How 'shall We gain you ? *A-la-mode de France* ?  
We hir'd this Room ; but none of Us can dance :  
In cutting Capers We shall never please :  
Our Learning does not lye below our Knees.

Shall We procure You Symphony and Sound ?  
Then You must Each subscribe Two hundred Pound  
There We shou'd fail too, as to Point of Voice :  
Mistake Us not ; We're no ITALIAN Boys :  
True BRITONS born, from *Westminster* We come ;  
And only speak the Style of ancient ROME.  
We wou'd deserve, not poorly beg Applause ;  
And stand or fall by *Freind's* and *Busby's* Laws.

For the Distress'd Your Pity We implore :  
If once refus'd, We trouble You no more,  
But leave Our *Orphan* squawling at your Door.

T H E



THE  
CONVERSATION,  
A  
T A L E.

IT always has been thought discreet,  
To know the Company You meet;  
And sure there may be secret Danger,  
In talking much before a Stranger.  
Agreed: What then? Then drink your Ale:  
I'll pledge You, and repeat my Tale.

No Matter where the Scene is fixt:  
The Persons were but odly mixt;  
When Sober DAMON thus began:  
( And DAMON is a clever Man )  
I now grow Old; but still, from Youth,  
Have held for Modesty and Truth:

The

The Men who by these Sea-marks steer,  
In Life's great Voyage never Err :  
Upon this Point I dare defy  
The World : I pause for a Reply.

Sir, Either is a good Assistant :  
Said One who sat a little distant :  
Truth decks our Speeches and our Books ;  
And Modesty adorns our Looks :  
But farther Progress We must take,  
Not only born to Look and Speak :  
The Man must Act. The STAGWRI~~TE~~TE,  
Says thus, and says extremely right :  
Strict Justice is the Sov'reign Guide,  
That o'er our Action shou'd preside :  
This Queen of Virtues is confess'd,  
To regulate and bind the rest.  
Thrice Happy, if You once can find  
Her equal Balance poize your Mind :

All

All different Graces soon will enter,  
Like Lines concurrent to their Center.

"Twas thus, in short, these Two went on,  
With Yea and Nay, and Pro and Con,  
Thro' many Points divinely dark,  
And WATERLAND assaulting CLARKE,  
"Till, in Theology half lost,  
DAMON took up the Evening-Post ;  
Confounded SPAIN, compos'd the NORTH,  
And deep in Politics held forth.

Methinks We're in the like Condition,  
As at the TREATY of PARTITION :  
That Stroke, for All King WILLIAM's Care,  
Begat another Tedium War ;  
MATTHEW, who knew the whole Intrigue,  
Ne'er much approv'd That Mystic League.  
In the vile UTRECHT TREATY too,  
Poor May, He found enough to do :

Sometimes

Sometimes to Me He did apply ;  
But down-right Dunstable was I,  
And told Him, where They were mistaken ;  
And counsell'd Him to save his Bacon :  
But (pass His Politics and Prose)  
I never herded with his Foes ;  
Nay, in his Verses, as a Friend,  
I still found Something to commend :  
Sir, I excus'd his NUT-BROWN-MAID ;  
Whate'er severer Critics said :  
Too far, I own, the Girl was try'd :  
The Women All were on my Side.  
For ALMA I return'd Him Thanks :  
I lik'd Her with Her little Pranks :  
Indeed poor SOLOMON in Rhime  
Was much too grave to be Sublime.

PINDAR and DAMON scorn Transition :  
So on He ran a new Division ;

"Till

Till out of Breath he turn'd to spit :  
 ( Chance often helps Us more than Wit )  
 T'other that lucky Moment took,  
 Just nick'd the Time, broke in, and spoke.

Of all the Gifts the Gods afford,  
 ( If we may take old TULLY's Word ).

The greatest is a Friend ; whose Love  
 Knows how to praise, and when reprove :  
 From such a Treasure never part,  
 But hang the Jewel on your Heart :  
 And, pray, Sir ( it delights Me ) tell ;  
 You know this Author mighty well —  
 Know Him ! d'ye question it ? Ods-fish !  
 Sir, does a Beggar know his Dish ?  
 I lov'd Him, as I told You, I  
 Advis'd Him — Here a Stander-by  
 Twitch'd DAMON gently by the Cloak,  
 And thus unwilling Silence broke :

DAMON

DAMON, 'tis Time We shou'd retire:  
The Man You talk with is MAT. PRIOR.

~~PATRON~~ PATRON thro' Life, and from thy Birth my  
( Friend,

DORSET, to Thee this Fable let Me send:  
With DAMON's Lightness weigh Thy solid Worth;  
The Foil is known to set the Diamond forth:  
Let the feign'd Tale this real Moral give,  
How many DAMONS, how few DORSETS Live.



H

COLIN's

COLIN'S MISTAKES.

COLIN'S  
MISTAKES.

Written in Imitation of SPENSER's Style.

*Me ludit Amabilis  
Insania.*

Hor.

I.

FAST by the Banks of *Cam* was *Colin* bred:  
 Ye *Nymphs*, for ever guard That sacred Stream,  
 To *Wimpole's* woody Shade his Way he sped:  
 Flourish those Woods, the *Muses* endless Theme!  
 As whilom *Colin* ancient Books had read,  
 Lays *Greek* and *Roman* wou'd he oft rehearse,  
 And much he lov'd, and much by heart he said  
 What Father *Spenser* sung in *British* Verse.  
 Who reads that Bard desires like Him to write,  
 Still fearful of Success, still tempted by Delight.

II. Soon

II.

Soon as *Aurora* had unbarr'd the Morn,  
And Light discover'd Nature's cheerful Face ;—  
The sounding Clarion, and the sprightly Horn  
Call'd the blyth Huntsmen to the distant Chace.  
Eftsoons They issue forth, a goodly Band ;  
The deep-mouth'd Hounds with Thunder rend the Air ;  
The fiery Coursers strike the rising Sand ;  
Far thro' the Thicket flies the frightened Deer ;  
*Harley* the Honour of the Day supports ;  
His Presence glads the Wood ; His Orders guide the Sport.

III.

On a fair Palfrey well equip't did sit  
An Amazonian Dame ; a scarlet Vest  
For active Horsemanship adaptly fit  
Enclos'd her dainty Limbs ; a plumed Crest  
Wav'd o'er her Head ; obedient by her Side  
Her Friends and Servants rode ; with artful Hand  
Full well knew She the Steed to turn and guide :  
The willing Steed receiv'd her soft Command :  
Courage and Sweetness in her Face were seated ;  
Her all Eyes were bent, and all good Wishes waited.

## IV.

This seeing, *Colin* thus his *Muse* bespake :  
 For altydes was the *Muse* to *Colin* nigh,  
 Ah me too nigh ! Or, *Clio*, I mistake ;  
 Or that bright Form that pleaseth so mine Eye,  
 Is *Fove*'s fair Daughter *Pallas*, gracious Queen  
 Of liberal Arts ; with Wonder and Delight  
 In *Homer*'s Verse we read Her ; well I ween,  
 That emu'lous of his *Grecian* Master's Flight,  
 Dan *Spenser* makes the fav'rite Goddess known ;  
 When in her graceful Look fair *Britomart* is shwon.

## V.

At Noon as *Colin* to the Castle came,  
 Ope'd were the Gates, and right prepar'd the Feast :  
 Appears at Table rich yclad a Dame,  
 The Lord's Delight, and Wonder of the Guest.  
 With Pearl and Jewels was she sumptuous deckt,  
 As well became her Dignity and Place ;  
 But the Beholders mought her Gems neglect,  
 To fix their Eyes on her more lovely Face,  
 Serene with Glory, and with Softness bright :  
 O Beauty sent from Heav'n, to cheer the mortal Sight !

IV. Liberal

VI.

Liberal *Munificence* behind her stood ;  
And decent *State* obey'd her high Command ;  
And *Charity* diffuse of native Good  
At once portrayes her Mind, and guides her Hand.  
As to each Guest some Fruits She deign'd to lift,  
And Silence with obliging Parley broke ;  
How gracious seem'd to each th' imparted Gift ?  
But how more gracious what the Giver spoke ?  
Such Ease, such Freedom did her Deed attend,  
That every Guest rejoic'd, exalted to a Friend.

VII.

Quoth *Colin* ; *Clio*, if my feeble Sense  
Can well distinguish Yon illustrious Dame,  
Who nobly doth such gentle Gifts dispense ;  
In *Latian* Numbers *Juno* is her Name,  
Great Goddess who with Peace and Plenty crown'd,  
To all that under Sky breathe vital Air  
Diffuseth Bliss, and thro' the World around  
Pours wealthy Ease, and scatters joyous Chear ;  
Certes of Her in semblant Guise I read ;  
Where *Spenser* decks his Lays with *Gloriana's* Deed.

76 POEMS on several Occasions.

VIII.

As *Colin* mus'd at Evening near the Wood;  
A Nymph undress'd, beseemeth, by Him past :  
Down to her Feet her silken Garment flow'd :  
A Ribbon bound and shap'd her slender Waste :  
A Veil dependent from her comely Head,  
And beauteous Plenty of ambrosial Hair,  
O'er her fair Breast and lovely Shoulders spread,  
Behind fell loose, and wanton'd with the Air.  
The smiling *Zephyrs* call'd their am'rous Brothers :  
They kiss'd the waving Lawn, and wafted it to Others.

IX.

Daifies and Violets rose, where She had trod ;  
As *Flora* kind her Roots and Buds had sorted :  
And led by *Hymen*, Wedlock's mystic God,  
Ten thousand *Loves* around the Nymph disported.  
Quoth *Colin* ; now I ken the Goddess bright,  
Whom Poets sing : All human Hearts entrall'd  
Obey her Pow'r ; her Kindness the Delight  
Of Gods and Men ; great *Venus* She is call'd,  
When *Mantuan Virgil* doth her Charms rehearse ;  
*Belphebe* is her Name, in gentle *Edmund's* Verse.

X. Heard

X.

Heard this the *Muse*, and with a Smile reply'd,  
Which show'd soft Anger mixt with friendly Love :  
Twin Sisters still were Ignorance and Pride ;  
Can we know Right, 'till Error we remove ?  
But *Colin*, well I wist, will never learn :  
Who slight his Guide shall deviate from his Way.  
Me to have ask'd what Thou coud'st not discern,  
To Thee pertain'd ; to Me, the Thing to say.  
What Heavenly Will from human Eye conceals,  
How can the Bard aread, unless the *Muse* reveals ?

XI.

Nor *Pallas* thou, nor *Britomart* hast seen ;  
When soon at Morn the flying Deer was chac't :  
Nor *Gore*'s great Wife, nor *Spenser*'s Fairy-Queen  
At Noon-tyde dealt the Honors of the Feast :  
Nor *Venus*, nor *Belphebe* did'st Thou spy,  
The Evening's Glory, and the Grove's Delight.  
Henceforth, if ask'd, instructed right, reply,  
That all the Day to knowing Mortals Sight  
Bright *Ca'ndis-Holles-Harley* stood confest,  
As various Hour advis'd, in various Habit dreft.



To the Right Honourable the  
Countess Dowager of **DEVONSHIRE**,

ON A

Piece of **WISSIN'S**;

Wherein were all her GRANDSONS Painted.

**W**ISSEN and *Nature* held a long Contest,  
If *She* Created, or *He* Painted best;  
With pleasing Thought the wond'reous Combat grew,  
*She*, still form'd *Fairer*, *He*, still *Liker* drew.

In these *Seven-Brethren*, They contended last,  
With Art increas'd Their utmost Skill they try'd,  
And *Both* well pleas'd, they had *Themselves*, surpass'd  
The *Goddes* Triumph'd, and the *Painter* Dy'd.  
That *Both*, their Skill to this vast Height did raiſe,  
Be *Ours* the Wonder, and be *Yours* the Praise:  
For here, as in some Glass, is well descry'd,  
Only *yourself* thus often multiply'd.

When

POEMS on several Occasions. 79

When *Heaven* had *You* and Gracious *Anna* † made,  
What more exalted Beauty could it add ?

Having no nobler Images in Store,  
It but kept up to these, nor could do more  
Than Copy well, what it well fram'd before.

If in dear *Burleigh's* gen'rous Face we see  
Obliging Truth, and handsom Honesty ;  
With all that World of Charms, which soon will move  
Reverence in Men, and in the Fair-Ones Love :  
His every Grace, his fair Descent assures,  
He has his Mother's Beauty, *She* has Yours.

If ever *Cecill's* Face had ev'ry Charm  
That Thought can Fancy, or that Heaven can Form ;  
Their Beauties all become your Beauty's Due,  
They are All Fair, because they're all like You :  
If ev'ry *Ca'ndis* great and charming Look,  
From You that Air, from You the Charms they took.  
In Their each Limb, your Image is exprest,  
But on their Brow firm Courage stands confest ;

There,

---

† Eldest Daughter of the COUNTESS.

80 POEMS on several Occasions.

There, their great Father by a strong Increase,  
Adds Strength to Beauty, and compleats the Piece.  
Thus still your Beauty, in your Sons, we view,  
*Wiffin* Seven-Times One great Perfection drew,  
Whoever fate, the Picture still is You.

So when the Parent Sun with genial Beams,  
Has Animated many goodly Gems ;  
He sees himself improv'd, while every Stone,  
With a resembling Light, reflects a Sun.

So when great *Rhea* many Births had given,  
Such as might govern Earth, and People Heaven ;  
Her Glory grew diffus'd, and fuller known,  
She saw the *Deity* in every *Son* :  
And to what God soe'er Men Altars rais'd,  
Hon'ring the Off-spring, they the Mother prais'd.  
In short-liv'd Charms let others place their Joys  
Which Sickness blasts, and certain Age destroys :  
Your stronger Beauty, Time can ne'er deface,  
'Tis still renew'd, and stamp'd in all your Race.

Ah ! *Wiffin*, had thy *Art* been so refin'd,  
As with Their Beauty, to have drawn Their Mind,

Thro'

Thro' circling Years thy Labours would survive,  
And living Rules to fairest Virtue give  
To Men unborn, and Ages yet to live ;  
Twould still be Wonderful, and still be New,  
Against what Time, or Spite, or Fate could do,  
Till *Thine* confus'd with *Nature's* Pieces lie,  
And *Cavendish's* Name, and *Cecill's* Honour Die.



The



## *The Female PHAETON.*

### I.

THUS *Kitty* \* Beautiful and Young,  
 And wild as Colt untam'd ;  
 Bespoke the FAIR from whence she sprung,  
 With little Rage inflam'd.

### II.

Inflam'd with Rage at sad Restraint,  
 Which wise *Mamma* ordain'd ;  
 And forely vext to play the Saint,  
 Whilst Wit and Beauty reign'd.

\* Lady *Katherine Hyde*, afterwards Lady *Essex*. She Died in *France*, Ann. 1723.

III.

Shall I thumb *Holy-Books*, confin'd

With *Abigail's* forsaken ?

*Kitty's* for other Things design'd,

Or I am much mistaken.

IV.

Must *Lady Jenny* † brisk about,

And Visit with her Cousins?

At Balls must *She* make all the Rout,

And bring home Hearts by Dozens?

V.

What has she *Better* pray, than I?

What *hidden Charms* to boast,

That all Mankind for her shou'd Die,

Whilst I am scarce a *Toast*?

I

Dearest

---

† Now Duchess of *Queensberry*.

## VI.

Dearest *Mamma*, for once let me,  
 Unchain'd, my Fortune try ;  
 I'll have my *Earl*, as well as She,  
 Or know the Reason why.

## VII.

I'll soon with *Jenny's* Pride quit score,  
 Make all her Lovers fall ;  
 They'll grieve I was not loos'd before,  
 She, I was loos'd at all.

## VIII.

Fondness prevail'd, *Mamma* gave way ;  
*Kitty* at Heart's Desire,  
 Obtain'd the Chariot for a Day,  
 And set the World on Fire.

The



## *The Judgment of VENUS.*

### I.

**W**hen Kneller's Works of various Grace,  
Were to fair VENUS shown,  
The Goddess spy'd in ev'ry Face  
Some Features of Her own.

### II.

Just so, (and pointing with her Hand) \*  
So shone, says she my Eyes,  
When from Two Goddesses I gain'd  
An Apple for a Prize.

I 2

When

---

\* To Lady RANELAUGH.

## III.

When in the Glass, and River too,  
 My Face I lately view'd,  
 Such was I, if the Glass be true,  
 If true the Chrystal Flood.

## IV.

In Colours of This glorious kind \*  
 Apelles painted me ;  
 My Hair thus flowing with the Wind,  
 Sprung from my Native Sea.

## V.

Like This disorder'd, wild, forlorn, †  
 Big with Ten Thousand Fears,  
 Thee, my *Adonis*, did I mourn,  
 Ev'n Beautiful in Tears.

But

\* *Lady SALISBURY.*† *Lady JANE DOUGLAS, Sister to the Duke of DOUGLAS.*

VI.

But viewing *Myra* plac'd apart,  
I fear, says she, I fear  
*Apelles*, that Sir *Godfrey's* Art  
Has far surpass'd Thine here.

VII.

Or I, a Goddess of the Skies,  
By *Myra* am outdone,  
And must resign to her the Prize,  
The *Apple*, which I won:

VIII.

But soon as she had *Myra* seen  
Majestically Fair,  
The sparkling Eye, the Look serene,  
The gay and easy Air.

## IX.

With fiery Emulation fill'd,  
The wond'ring Goddess cry'd,  
*Apelles*, must to *Kneller* yield,  
Or *Venus* must to *HYDE*.



SONG



# SONG.

## I.

W<sup>H</sup>ilst I am scorch'd with hot Desire,  
In vain, cold Friendship you return ;  
Your Drops of Pity on my Fire,  
Alas ! but make it fiercer burn.

## II.

Ah ! wou'd you have the Flame supprest  
That kills the Heart it heats too fast,  
Take half my Passion to your Breast,  
The rest in mine shall ever last.

T H E



T H E  
Curious M A I D:  
A  
T A L E.

*In Imitation of Mr. PRIOR.*

---

By HILDEBRAND JACOB, Esq;

---

*Obstupuit; Steteruntque Comes,*

---

BEAUTY's a gaudy Sign, no more,  
To tempt the Gazer to the Door;

Within the Entertainment lies,

Far off remov'd from vulgar Eyes.

Thus CLOE beautiful, and gay,  
As on her Bed the *Wanton* lay,  
Hardly awake from Dreaming o'er  
Her Conquests of the Day before.

And what's this *hidden Charm*? (she cry'd)  
And spurn'd th'embracing Cloaths aside  
From Limbs of such a Shape, and Hue,  
As TITIAN's Pencil never drew,  
Resolv'd the *Dark Abode* to trace  
Of Female Honour, or Disgrace,  
Where Virtue finds her Task too hard,  
And often slumbers on the Guard.

Th' Attempt She makes, and buckles to  
With all her Might; but 'twou'd not do:  
Still, as She bent, the *Part-requir'd*,  
As conscious of its Shame, retir'd,

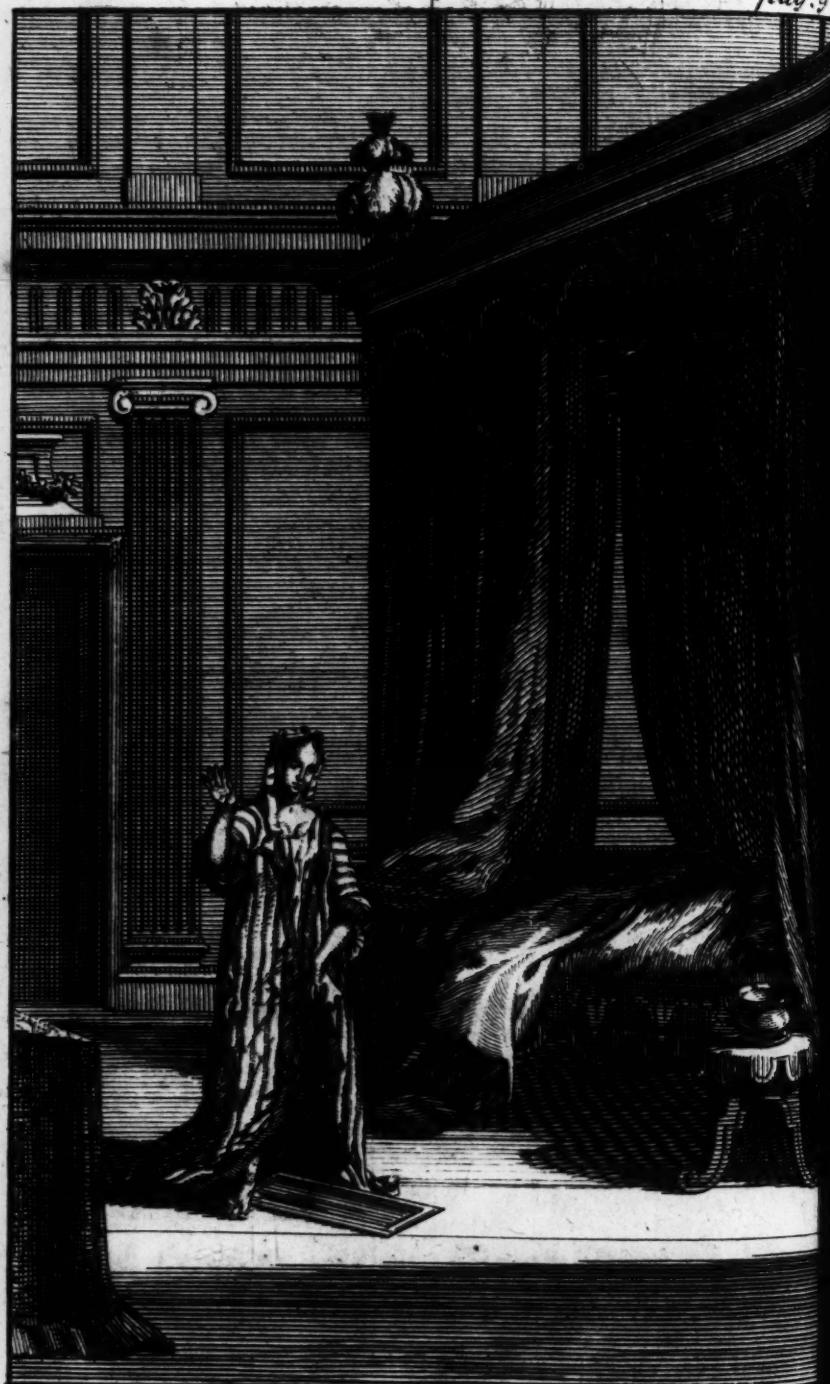
What's to be done? We're all aground!  
Some other Method must be found-----  
Water NARCISSUS' Face cou'd show,  
And why not CLOE's Charms below?

Big with this Project, She applies  
 The JORDAN to her Virgin Thighs ;  
 But the dull *Lake* her Wish denies.

What Luck is here? We're foil'd again!  
 The DEVIL's *in the Dice*, that's plain!  
 No Chymist e'er was so perplex'd ;  
 No jilted Coxcomb half so vex'd ;  
 No Bard, whose gentler Muse excels  
 At Tunbridge, Bath, or Epsom-Wells,  
 Ordain'd, by PHOEBUS special Grace,  
 To sing the Beauties of the Place,  
 E'er pump'd, and chaf'd to that Degree,  
 To tagg his fav'rite Simile.

Thus Folks are often at a Stand,  
 When Remedies are near at Hand!  
 For lo! the *Glass*—ay, that indeed!  
 'Tis ten to one we now succeed!  
 To this Relief She flies amain,  
 And straddles o'er the shining Plain,

The



pag. 9

G. F. o. Guck

The shining Plain reflects at large  
All DAMON's Wish and CLOE's Charge,  
The Curious MAID in deep Surprize,  
On the Grim Feature fix'd her Eyes:  
Far less amaz'd AENEAS flood,  
When by Avernus sacred Flood,  
He saw Hell's-Portal fring'd with Wood.

And is this ALL, is this (She cry'd)  
Man's great Desire, and Woman's Pride ;  
The Spring whence flows the Lover's Pain,  
The Ocean where 'tis lost again,  
By Fate for ever doom'd to prove  
The Nursery and Grave of Love ?  
O Thou of dire and horrid Mien,  
And always better *felt* than *seen* !  
Fit Rapture for the gloomy Night,  
O, never more approach the Light !  
Like other MYST'RIES, Men Adore,  
Be bid to be rever'd the more !

THE

THE BUBBLE:

A

T A L E.

By Dean SWIFT.

*Apparent rari nantes in Gurgite vasto,  
Arma Virum, Tabulæq; & Troia Gaza per undas.*

Y E wise Philosophers explain  
What Magick makes our Money rise,  
When dropt into the Southern Main ;  
Or do these Juglers cheat our Eyes ?

Put in your Money fairly told;  
Presto begone—Tis here agen:  
Ladies, and Gentlemen, behold,  
Here's ev'ry Piece as big as Ten.

Thus in a Basin drop a Shilling,  
Then fill the Vessel to the Brim;  
You shall observe, as you are filling,  
The Pond'rous Metal seems to swim:

It rises both in Bulk and Height,  
Behold it mounting to the Top;  
The liquid Medium cheats your Sight,  
Behold it swelling like a Sop.

In Stock Three Hundred Thousand Pounds;  
I have in view a Lord's Estate:  
My Mannors all contiguous round;  
A Coach and Six, and serv'd in Plate!

Thus the deluded Bankrupt raves,  
Puts all upon a desp'rate Bett ;  
Then plunges in the Southern Waves,  
Dipt over Head and Ears---in Debt.

So, by a Calenture misled,  
The Mariner with Rapture sees,  
On the smooth Ocean's azure Bed,  
Enamel'd Fields, and verdant Trees.

With eager Haste he longs to rove  
In that fantastick Scene, and thinks  
It must be some enchanted Grove ;  
And in he leaps, and down he sinks.

Two hundred Chariots just bespoke,  
Are sunk in these devouring Waves,  
The Horses drown'd, the Harness broke,  
And here the Owners find their Graves.

Like *Pharaoh* by *Directors* led,  
They with their *Spoils* went safe before,  
His Chariots tumbling out, the Dead  
Lay shatter'd on the *Red-Sea* Shore.

Rais'd up on *Hope's* aspiring Plumes,  
The young *Advent'rer* o'er the Deep  
An *Eagle's* Flight and State assumes,  
And scorns the middle Way to keep:

On *Paper* Wings he takes his Flight,  
With *Wax* the *Father* bound them fast;  
The *Wax* is melted by the Height,  
And down the tow'ring Boy is cast.

A Moralist might here explain  
The Rashness of the *Cretan* Youth,  
Describe his Fall into the Main,  
And from a Fable form a Truth.

His *Wings* are his *Paternal Rent*,  
 He melts his *Wax* at ev'ry Flame;  
 His Credit funk, his Money spent,  
*In Southern-Seas* he leaves his Name.

Inform us, You, that best can tell,  
 Why in yon' dang'rous Gulph profound,  
 Where Hundreds and where Thousands fell,  
*Fools* chiefly float, the *Wise* are drown'd.

So have I seen from *Severn's Brink*  
 A Flock of *Geese* jump down together :  
 Swim where the Bird of *Love* wou'd sink,  
 And swimming, never wet a Feather.

But I affirm, 'tis false in Fact,  
 Directors better know their Tools ;  
 We see the Nation's Credit crackt,  
 Each *Knave* hath made a Thousand *Fools*.

One Fool may from another win,  
And then get off with Money stor'd ;  
But if a *Sharper* once comes in,  
He throws at all, and sweeps the Board.

As Fishes on each other prey,  
The Great Ones swall'wing up the Small ;  
So fares it in the *Southern Sea* :  
But Whale *Directors* eat up All.

When *Stock* is high, they come between,  
Making by second-hand their Offers ;  
Then cunningly retire unseen,  
With each a Million in his Coffers.

So when upon a Moon-shine Night,  
An *Af* was drinking at a Stream ;  
A Cloud arose, and stopt the Light,  
By intercepting ev'ry Beam.

100 POEMS on several Occasions.

The Day of Judgment will be soon,  
Cries out a Sage among the Crowd ;  
An Ass hath swallow'd up the Moon :  
The Moon lay safe behind the Cloud.

Each poor *Subscriber* to the Sea,  
Sinks down at once, and there he lies ;  
*Directors* fall as well as they,  
Their Fall is but a Trick to rise.

So Fishes rising from the Main,  
Can soar with moisten'd Wings on high ;  
The Moisture dry'd, they sink again,  
And dip their Eins again to fly.

Undone at Play, the Female-Troops  
Come here their Losses to retrieve ;  
Ride o'er the Waves in spacious Hoops,  
Like *Lapland* Witches in a Sieve.

POEMS on several Occasions. 101.

Thus *Venus* to the Sea descends,  
As Poets feign ; but where's the Moral?  
It shews the Queen of Love intends  
To search the Deep for Pearl and Coral.

The Sea is richer than the Land,  
I heard it from my Grannam's Mouth,  
Which now I clearly understand,  
For by the Sea she meant the South.

Thus by *Directors* we are told,  
Pray, Gentlemen, believe your Eyes ;  
Our Ocean's cover'd o'er with Gold,  
Look round about how thick it lies :

We, Gentlemen, are your *Assisters*,  
We'll come and hold you by the *Chins*,  
Alas ! all is not Gold that glisters :  
Ten Thousand sunk by leaping in.

O ! would these Patriots be so kind,  
Here in the Deep to wash their *Hands* ;  
Then, like *Pactolus* we should find,  
The Sea indeed had *Golden Sands*.

A *Shilling* in the *Bath* you fling,  
The *Silver* takes a nobler *Hue* ;  
By *Magick Virtue* in the *Spring*,  
And seems a *Guinea* to your *View* :

But as a *Guinea* will not pass  
At *Market* for a *Farthing* more ;  
Shewn thre' a multiplying *Glass* ;  
Than what it always did before :

So cast it in the *Southern Seas*,  
And view it through a *Jobber's Bill* ;  
Put on what *Spectacles* you please,  
Your *Guinea's* but a *Guinea* still.

One Night a Fool into a Brook,  
Thus from a Hillock looking down ;  
The *Golden-Stars* for *Guineas* took,  
And *Silver-Cynthia* for a Crown :

The Point he could no longer doubt,  
He ran, he leapt into the Flood ;  
There sprawl'd awhile, at last got out,  
All cover'd o'er with Slime and Mud.

Upon the Water cast thy Bread,  
And after many Days thou'l find it ;  
But Gold upon this Ocean spread,  
Shall sink, and leave no Mark behind it.

There is a Gulph where Thousands fell,  
Here all the bold Advent'ers came ;  
A narrow Sound, though deep as Hell,  
Change-Alley is the dreadful Name :

Nine times a Day it ebbs and flows,  
 Yet he that on the Surface lies,  
 Without a Pilot seldom knows  
 The Time it falls, or when 'twill rise.

*Subscribers here by Thousands float,*  
 And jostle one another down ;  
 Each paddling in his leaky Boat,  
 And here they fish for *Gold*, and drown.

\* *Now bury'd in the Depth below,*  
 Now mounted up to Heaven again ;  
 They reel and stagger to and fro,  
 At their Wits-end, like Drunken Men.

Mean time secure on † Garr-way Cliffs,  
 A Savage Race by Shipwrecks fed,  
 Lie waiting for the founder'd Skiffs,  
 And strip the Bodies of the Dead.

---

\* Psalm 107. † *Coffee-House in Change-Alley.*

But these, you say, are factious Lyes,  
From some malicious Tory's Brain ;  
For, where *Directors* get a Prize,  
The *Swiss* and *Dutch* whole Millions drain.

Thus when by *Rooks* a Lord is ply'd,  
Some *Cully* often wins a Bett,  
By vent'ring on the cheating Side,  
Tho' not into the Secret let.

While some build Castles in the Air,  
*Directors* build 'em in the Seas ;  
Subscribers plainly see 'em there,  
For Fools will see as Wife-Men please.

Thus oft by *Mariners* are shown,  
Unless the Men of *Kent* are Lyars,  
Earl *Godwin's* Castles overflown,  
And Castle-Roofs, and Steeple-Spires.

Mark

Mark where the Sly *Directors* creep,  
 Nor to the Shore approach too nigh;  
 The Monsters nestle in the Deep,  
 To seize you in your passing by:

Then, like the Dogs of *Nile*, be wise,  
 Who taught, by Instinct, how to shun  
 The Crocodile, that lurking lies,  
 Run as they drink, and drink and run.

*Antæus* could, by Magick Charms,  
 Recover Strength whene'er he fell;  
*Alcides* held him in his Arms,  
 And sent him up in Air to Hell.

*Directors* thrown into the Sea,  
 Recover Strength and Vigour there;  
 But may be tam'd another way,  
 Suspended for a while in Air.

Directors! for 'tis you I warn,  
By long Experience we have found  
What Planet rul'd when you were born;  
We see you never can be drown'd:

Beware, nor over-bulky grow,  
Nor come within your Cully's Reach;  
For if the Sea shou'd sink so low,  
To leave you dry upon the Beach;

You'll owe your Ruin to your Bulk;  
Your Foes already waiting stand,  
To tear you like a founder'd Hulk,  
While you lie helpless on the Sand.

Thus when a Whale hath lost the Tide,  
The Coasters croud to seize the Spoil;  
The Monster into Parts divide,  
And strip the Bone, and melt the Oil.

O! may some *Western Tempest* sweep  
 These *Locusts*, whom our Fruits have fed,  
 That Plague, *Directors*, to the Deep,  
 Driven from the *South-Sea* to the *Red*.

May He, whom Nature's Laws obey,  
 Who *lifts* the Poor, and *sinks* the Proud,  
*Quiet* the *Raging of the Sea*,  
 And *still* the *Madness of the Croud*.

But never shall our Isle have Rest,  
 Till those devouring *Swine* run down,  
 (*The Devils leaving the Possess*)  
 And *headlong* in the *Waters* drown.

The Nation then too late will find,  
 Computing all their Cost and Trouble,  
*Directors* Promises but Wind,  
*South-Sea* at best a mighty *Bubble*.

T H E

NIGHTINGALE

Imitated

From *STRADA*.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HIS little Piece of *Strada*, written after the Manner and Style of *Claudian*, is very justly commended for its happy Beauties.

Upon Reading the excellent Tale of the *Turtle* and *Sparrow*, I was so particularly pleased, that I could not, in justice to my own Admiration, forbear an Imitation of the *Nightingale*, and the rather, because Mr. PRIOR has so elegantly mentioned it.

A Translation I durst not aim at least, notwithstanding the Conquest, should fall as far short, as the Musician did of the Bird in the *Original*.

W. PATTISON



## The *Nightingale.*

**A**S PHOEBUS darted forth a milder Ray,  
And length'ning Shades confess'd the shortning Day ;  
To Tyber's Banks repair'd an am'rous Swain,  
The Love and Envy of the Neighb'ring Plain,  
To cool his Heat he sought the breezy Grove,  
To cool his Heat, but more the Heat of Love ;  
To sooth his Cares on a soft *Lute* he play'd,  
But the soft *Lute* refresh'd the lovely *Maid* :  
Conspiring *Elms* their Umbrage shed around,  
Way'd with Applause, and listen'd to the Sound.

Sweet *Philomel* the Chorister of Love,  
The musical Enchantress of the Grove,  
With Wonder heard the Shepherd as he play'd,  
And stolé attentive to the tuneful Shade ;

Perch'd o'er his Head the *Sylvan* Siren sate,  
 With Envy burning, and with Pride elate.  
 Ambitiously she lent a list'ning Ear,  
 Charm'd with the very Sounds, she Dy'd to hear.

Each Note, each flowing Accent of the Song  
 She footh'd, and sweeten'd with her softer Tongue;  
 Gently refin'd each imitated Strain,  
 And paid Him with his Harmony again.

The Shepherd wonder'd at the just Replies,  
 At first mistaken for the vocal Breeze;  
 But when he found his little Rival near,  
 Imbibing Music both at Eye and Ear;  
 With a sublimer Touch he swept the *Lute*,  
 A Summons to the musical Dispute;  
 The Summons she receiv'd, resolv'd to try,  
 And daring warbled out a bold Reply.

Now sweetest Thoughts the gentle Swain inspire,  
 And with a Dying Softness Tune the Lyre,  
 Echo the vernal Music of the Woods,  
 Warble the Murmurs of the falling Floods;

Thus

Thus sweet he Sings, but sweetly sings in vain,  
For *Philomela* breathes a softer Strain ;  
With easier Art She modulates each Note,  
More nat'ral Music melting in her Throat.

Much he admir'd the Magic of her Tongue,  
But more to find his *Lute* and *Art* outdone ;  
And now to loftier Airs he tunes the Strings,  
And now to loftier Airs his Echo Sings ;  
Tho' loud as Thunder, tho' as swift as Thought,  
She reach'd the swelling, caught the flying Note ;  
In trembling Treble, now in solemn Base,  
She show'd how Nature cou'd his Art surpase.

Amaz'd, at length with Rage the Shepherd burn'd,  
His Admiration into Anger turn'd ;  
Inflam'd, with emulating Pride he stood,  
And thus defy'd the Charmer of the Wood,  
And wilt Thou still my Music imitate ?  
Then see Thy Folly, and Thy Task is great :  
For, know, more pow'rful Lays remain unsung,  
Lays far Superior to that mimic Tongue.

114 POEMS on several Occasions.

If not, this *Lute*, this vanquish'd *Lute*, I swear,  
Shall never more delight the ravish'd Ear ;  
But, broke in scatter'd Fragments, strew the Plain,  
And mourn the Glories which it cou'd not gain.

He said, and as he said, his Soul on Fire,  
With a disdainful Air he struck the Lyre ;  
Quick to the Touch the Tides of Music flow,  
Swell into Strength, or melt away in Woe :  
Now raise the shrilling Trumpet's clanging Jar,  
And imitated Thunders rouze the War ;  
Now soft'ning Sounds, and Sadly-pleasing Strains  
Breathe out the Lover's Joys, and Lover's Pains.

He Sung ; and ceas'd her Rival Notes to hear,  
As his dy'd list'ning in the ambient Air.

But now, too late ! her noble Folly found,  
Sad *Philomela* stood subdu'd by Sound ;  
Tho' vanquish'd, yet with gen'rous Ardour fill'd,  
Ignobly still she scorn'd to quit the Field :  
But slowly faint her pensive Accents flow,  
Weaken'd with Grief, and overcharg'd with Woe.

Again

Again she Tunes her Voice, again she Sings,  
Strains ev'ry Nerve, and quivers on her Wings,  
In vain ! her sinking Spirits fade away,  
And in a tuneful Agony decay ;  
Dying she fell, and as the Strains expire,  
Breath'd out her Soul in Anguish on the Lyre :  
Dissolv'd in Transport, she resign'd her Breath,  
And gain'd a living Conquest by her Death.



T H E

T H E  
**COURT of VENUS,**

From *C L A U D I A N.*

By the SAME.

**W**Here the fair *Paphian* Goddess keeps her  
 (Court,

Where the Loves wanton, and the Graces  
 (Sport;

A tow'ring Mountain lifts its lofty brow,  
 And leans with pleasure on the Plains below ;  
 O'er distant, blue, retiring Hills surveys  
 Its shaddow floating in *Fonian* Seas ;  
 The Top impervious, all Access denies,  
 Tires the faint Foot, and dims the dizzy Eyes :  
 No fierce inclement *Winter* shivers here,  
 No blasting Seasons nip the bloomy Year,  
 No smoaking Mists, nor foggy Damps arise,  
 Hang o'er the Hills, or fail along the Skies ;

But

But an untainted *Aether* smiles serene,  
And sheds its Infl'ence on the shining Scene ;  
Eternal sweets the wafting Breezes bring,  
And whisper out an everlasting Spring.

The pleasurable Mountain by Degrees,  
Sinks in a Level, to salute your Eyes :  
Where Joy, succeeding Joy, for ever new,  
For ever rising to the ravish'd View ;  
The wond'ring fight with sweet Amusement leads  
Thro' golden Groves, and ever-living Meads.

These were the Gifts, his Gratitude to prove,  
VULCAN bestow'd upon the *Queen of Love* ;  
For these, the *Queen of Love* resign'd her Charms,  
And over-fold the Heaven in her Arms.

Here a soft Grove its cooling Shade affords,  
Fann'd by the Music of the vocal Birds ;  
To this the *Sylvan* Choristers resort,  
Hop on the Boughs, or to the Breezes sport :  
The *Queen of Love* amid the tuneful Throng,  
With graceful smiles rewards each fav'rite Song ;

118 POEMS on several Occasions.

Elects the worthy Tenant of the Grove,  
And dedicates Him to the God of Love.

Embow'ring Trees the mingled Shade compose,  
That imitates the Fair, for whom it grows ;  
With complicating *Poplars*, *Poplars* twine,  
With spreading *Aldars*, spreading *Aldars* join :  
Majestic *Elms* with bending Foliage flow,  
Float in green Waves, and fan the Shades below,  
The Shades below the cooling Gale receive,  
And rising with the cooling Gale revive.

Two diff'rent Rivers murmur thro' the Grove,  
Two fatal Contrarieties in *Love* !  
This, sweet as mutual Joys in youthful Veins,  
That, bitter as a dying Lover's Pains ;  
Conscious, the Streams each other seem to shun,  
But in *Meander's* lost, too soon are One :  
Dipt in these fabled Waves, *Love's* fatal Dart  
Stings the distract'd Soul to sooth the Heart :  
To these his Shafts their double Power owe,  
Soft pleasing Joys, and sad consuming woe !

Rang'd

Rang'd on the Banks, the little Loves resort,  
Plight fancy'd Oaths, and bend their Bows in sport :  
Those tender Nymphs produc'd a blooming Race,  
And left their Virgin Image on their Face ;  
Their ruddy Cheeks their Parents Charms proclaim,  
Alike their Habit, and their Look the same.  
O'er all these Troops presides the *God of Love*,  
A *God* whom all the *Gods* revere Above ;  
Sprung from the *Mother*, and the *Queen of Charms*,  
He shines distinguish'd in superior Arms :  
His potent Pow'r ev'n *Deities* controuls,  
And awes the Thunderer that awes the Poles ;  
On Earth he triumphs o'er a Monarch's Cares,  
And blasts the Laurel which the Light'ning spares :  
In Woods and Groves th' inferiour Archers reign,  
Contented with the Conquests of the Plain.

Close in the Streams, in fatal Pomp array'd,  
Love's wild romantic Equipage is laid ;  
Here lawless Liberty for ever roves,  
For ever Riots in excess of Loves ;

M

Inflam'd

120 POEMS on several Occasions.

Inflam'd with Wine, distracted Rage appears,  
But soon dissolves in self-accusing Tears ;  
Here, warming Whispers propagate Replies,  
Sweet melting Murmurs soft consenting Sighs ;  
With all the Eloquence that Hearts confess,  
With all the Harmony that Eyes express :  
There, young Desires, their tasted Joys persue,  
Pleas'd with the past, and panting for the new ;  
While strange Chimeras on a sudden rise,  
Shift the false Scene, and intercept their Eyes ;  
Tormenting Jealousies, uneasy Cares,  
Dissembling Hopes, imaginary Fears ;  
Accusing Crimes of ill-requited Love,  
And breaking Vows re-echo thro' the Grove :  
Full in the midst, with nice-becoming Grace,  
Stood Youth, too conscious of his comely Face ;  
Proud of his nervous Strength, and vig'rous Veins,  
With Pain his Blood the luscious Tide contains ;  
With haughty smiles he mocks declining Age,  
His starv'd Enjoyments, and dissembled Rage :  
The wither'd Wretch avoids him with remorse,  
And sickens at the thought of what he was.

Proud

Proud o'er the Groves, a glittering Dome ascends,  
Rich with the Labours of *Vulcanian* Hands ;  
Thro' the green Ranks the darting Lustre gleams,  
And the Shades kindle with reflecting Flames ;  
This Master-piece of Skill the *Lemnian* God  
On his fair Spouse a worthy Gift bestow'd :  
Immortal Monuments of Art support  
The vast Foundations of each ample Court ;  
On Diamond-Pillars, Diamond-Pillars rise,  
At once invade, and emulate the Skies ;  
Pelucid Crystal clarifies each Stone,  
And by excluding make a double Sun ;  
In Oval-steps the rising Topaz roll'd,  
Gleams by Reflexion on the val'ving Gold ;  
Each Stone conspires its emulating Rays,  
Glitter the Beryls, and the Rubies blaze ;  
Carv'd Saphirs meet in undulating Flame,  
And drink the lucid Amber's fainter Stream.

Here, spacious Greens, refreshing Areas rise,  
And with a milder Scene refresh the Eyes ;

122 POEMS on several Occasions.

Thro' *Cassia* Groves ambrosial Breezes breathe,  
And steal the aromatic sweets beneath;  
There, soft inferiour Shades of *Myrtles* grow,  
And *Lillies* blushing as the *Roses* glow;  
Dissolv'd with Joy the trickling *Balm* runs o'er,  
And the sweet Tears distill at ev'ry Pore.

But now his Journey pass'd the *God of Love*,  
With eager Joy approach'd his native Grove;  
And now he reassumes a solemn Pace,  
He moves with Majesty, and looks with Grace.

It happen'd then with future Joys elate,  
His Goddess-Mother at her Toilet fate;  
On either side th' *Idalian* Sisters stand,  
Proud of the smiling Goddess's Command;  
These scatter Odours o'er the fragrant Fair,  
Those thread the mazy Tendrils of her Hair.  
Some exercise the fine correcting Comb,  
Smooth the soft Curls, and call the Straglers home:  
The comely Fav'rites by a nice Design,  
They leave to sport, and wanton in the Wind;

The

POEMS on several Occasions. 123

The comely Fav'rites with adorning Grace,  
Wave on the Breeze, and flow upon her Face.  
With cooling Airs create an easy Pride,  
And but increase the Charms they strive to hide ;  
No Glasses here, deluding Lights supply,  
The brilliant Diamond guides the judging Eye :  
For as the Goddess moves, new Mirours rise,  
And catch augmenting Splendors from her Eyes ;  
As to the multiplying Stones she turns,  
On all she dances, and on all she burns.

But lo ! a sudden Scene of Glory fires  
Her rising Soul, and breathes more gay desires ;  
Her Son's reflected Image she surveys,  
With trembling Joy she turns to prove the Rays ;  
But turning conscious of her only Son,  
Into the bloomy Boy's Embraces run ;  
Receives him panting at unfolding Charms,  
And hugs the little Darling in her Arms.



M 3

The

The STORY of  
ORPHEUS and EURYDICE.

Translated from VIRGIL's Fourth BOOK  
of the GEORGICS.

By the SAME.

I Ncens'd the raging Prophet \* thus replies,  
Gnashes his Teeth, and rolls his azure Eyes.

No common Vengeance does your Crimes persue,  
Your Crimes which well deserve their fatal due :  
But humbly supplicate immortal Hate,  
And wisely shun the threat'ning Rage of Fate :  
O ! think on ORPHEUS, and his injur'd Spouse,  
And mark the cruel Author of their Woes :  
When lawless Lust enflam'd the boiling Blood,  
To chace the flying Fair along the Flood.  
Think how the *Snake* in verdant ambush laid,  
Unwarily surpriz'd the panting Maid.

---

\* PROTEUS.

Shrieking

Shrieking she fell, resign'd her fainting Breath,  
And sought the kinder Arms of icy Death ;  
The Nymphs, the Swains, the dying Virgin mourn'd,  
The River *Deities* the Grief return'd ;  
The *Winds* with sympathizing Sorrow sigh'd,  
And the sad *Streams* their trickling Tears supply'd.

The wretched Husband hopeless of Relief,  
In tuneful Anguish sought to soothe his Grief ;  
But rising Sorrows all his Thoughts controul,  
Flow in his Eyes, and melt his soft'ning Soul ;  
In plaintive Strains he mourns his Consort gone,  
Sighs to the rising, and the setting Sun ;  
Till wildly lost in Solitude and Woe,  
Raving he sought the dreary Shades below ;  
Adventurous by Despair, and dar'd to tread  
The melancholly Mansions of the Dead :  
With Songs to supplicate th' infernal Pow'r,  
And soothe the *God* who ne'er was sooth'd before.

Lur'd by the Magic of the sacred sound,  
Swift gliding Crouds of Spectres hover round ;

Thick,

126 POEMS on several Occasions.

Thick, as when Fowls obscure the Ev'ning Air,  
And to their Groves in feather'd Clouds repair :  
Men, Matrons, Maids, a visionary Throng,  
Surround the Poet, and imbibe his Song ;  
With all those Multitudes of empty Ghosts,  
Where *Stygian* Streams surround the squalid Coasts ;  
Heedless their sad unhappy Fate to moan,  
They make another's Misery their own.

Ev'n Hell it-self, with all its Fiends was charm'd,  
Its Terrors soften'd, and its Rage disarm'd,  
The grinning Guardian held his triple Tongue,  
And fawning kiss'd the Poet as he Sung ;  
The very Furies heard away their Pains,  
And found their own too weak for Music's Chains :  
Ixion his eternal Toils forewent,  
And list'ning on his rolling Labour leant.

But now the tuneful Bard his Bride restor'd,  
Back to the Realms of Day the Path explor'd ;  
He led the Way, and slowly follow'd She,  
Subsequent to PROSERPINA'S Decree ;

For if before the gloomy Shades were past,  
He turn'd to look, the look must be his last ;  
A Fault which Hell might pass in silence by,  
Cou'd Hell behold it with a Lover's Eye.  
And now near travers'd o'er the Realms of Night,  
They rose emergent on the Beams of Light ;  
When the poor Youth unfortunately kind,  
Cast a too fond conductive Glance behind ;  
But as he turn'd, three Peals of Thunder spoke,  
The dire conditionary Promise broke ;  
While thus the sadly, sweet, reproving Maid,  
Bespoke the Youth by too much Love betray'd.

Unhappy ORPHEUS ! ah unhappy Boy !  
What made thee thus to blast our bloomy Joy ?  
Alas ! for ever lost, I leave thee now !  
This parting Kiss to soothe eternal Woe.—  
Farewel,—dim Shades of Horror round me rise,  
And sudden Night o'erwhelms my swimming Eyes.

She said, and as she said, in Shades withdrew,  
From his deluded Arms the Vision flew ;

With

With strict Embrace in vain he stops her stay,  
 Dissolv'd to Air, unfelt she glides away ;  
 In vain he seeks her with incessant Eyes,  
 In vain invokes her with imploring Cries ;  
 What cou'd he do ? all Efforts are too late,  
 Again her Soul is summon'd down by Fate ;  
 Th' infernal Ferry-man relents no more,  
 And ev'n his Music now forgets its Pow'r.

Sev'n Months, by Fame's Report the Ionesom Swain,  
 Devoted to his Melancholly Pain ;  
 Where *Scythian* Hills are bleak with plumy Snow,  
 And shiver in the frigid Flood below ;  
 In Soul-restoring Strains he sought Relief,  
 Distracted with Indulgency of Grief ;  
 In Strains that the *Carulean* Mountains charm'd,  
 And their eternal Frosts with Pity warm'd :  
 The list'ning Savages his Pow'r confess'd,  
 Their Rage he sooth'd, but cou'd not soothe his Breast.

As the lamenting *Nightingale* complains  
 Of cruel Spoilers, and destructive Swains ;  
 When sad she sees her Younglins borne away,  
 Her downy Darlings, an inhuman Prey !

Sunk in some Gloom she darkling pines alone,  
Sighs out her Grief, and murmurs out her moan.

Thus ORPHEUS sought to calm his peaceless Breast,  
A Stranger to the Quietude of Rest ;  
Now wildly tortur'd by despair he goes,  
O'er drifted Mountains of eternal Snows,  
Delighted to the barren Rocks to tell  
The rigorous Benevolence of Hell ;  
Averse to VENUS, and the nuptial Joys,  
In unavailing Grief his Life destroys ;  
Till frantic BACHANALS that vainly strove  
To warm his Bosom with a second Love.  
With Rage, Revenge, and brutal Fury arm'd,  
(More Savage than those Savages he charm'd)  
Conspir'd against his Life, the Bard they shew,  
And on cold *Heber's* Streams his Head they threw ;  
Yet ev'n in Death his Voice bewails his Woe,  
And with the Streams his tuneful Sorrows flow ;  
EURYDICE his dying Tongue deplores,  
EURYDICE resounds along the length'ning Shores.

F I N I S.



JAN

THE  
HIND  
AND THE  
PANTHER  
TRANSVERS'D  
TO  
The STORY of  
The *Country-Mouse*,  
AND  
The *City-Mouse*.

---

Much Malice mingled with a little Wit.

*Hind. Pan.*

*Nec vult Panthera domari.*

*Quæ Genus.*

---

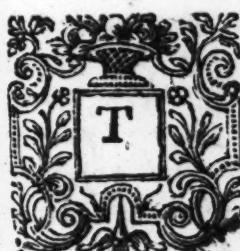
L O N D O N:

Re-printed in the Year, MDCCXXV.





# THE PREFACE.

 *HE Favourers of the Hind and Panther will be apt to say in its Defence, That the best Things are capable of being turn'd to Ridicule; that Homer has been Burlesque'd, and Virgil Travestied without suffering any thing in their Reputation from that Buffoonry; and that in like manner, the Hind and the Panther may be an exact Poem, though 'tis the Subject of our Raillery: But there is this difference, that those Authors are wrested from their true Sense, and This naturally falls into Ridicule; there is nothing Represented here as monstrous and unnatural, which is not equally so in the Original. First as to the General Design, Is it not as easie to imagine two Mice bilking Coachmen, and supping at the Devil; as to suppose a Hind entertaining the Panther at a Hermit's Cell, discussing the greatest Mysteries of Religion, and telling you her son Rodriguez writ very good Spanish? What can be more improbable and contradictory to the*

## The P R E F A C E.

Rules and Examples of all Fables, and to the very design and use of them? They were first begun and raised to the highest Perfection in the Eastern Countries; where they wrote in Signs and spoke in Parables, and delivered the most useful Precepts in delightful stories; which for their Aptness were entertaining to the most Judicious, and led the vulgar into understanding by surprizing them with their Novelty, and fixing their Attention. All their Fables carry a double meaning; the Story is one and intire; the Characters the same throughout, not broken or chang'd, and always conformable to the Nature of the Creatures they introduce. They never tell you that the Dog which snapt at a shadow, lost his Troop of Horse, that would be unintelligible; a piece of Flesh is proper for him to drop, and the Reader will apply it to mankind; they would not say that the Daw who was so proud of her borrow'd Plumes lookt very ridiculous when Rodriguez came and took away all the book but the 17th, 24th, and 25th Chapters, which she stole from him: But this is his new way of telling a story, and confounding the Moral and the Fable together.

Before the word Was written, said the Hind,  
Our Saviour Preacht the Faith to all Mankind.

What relation has the Hind to our Saviour? or what notion have we of a Panther's Bible? If you say he means the Church, how does the Church feed on Lawns, or range in the Forest? Let it be always a Church, or always the cloven footed Beast, for we cannot bear his shifting the scene every

## The P R E F A C E.

every Line. If it is absurd in Comedies to make a Peasant talk in the strain of a Hero, or a Country-Wench use the language of the Court; how monstrous is it to make a Priest of a Hind, and a Parson of a Panther; To bring 'em in disputing with all the Formalities and Terms of the School? Though as to the Arguments themselves, those, we confess, are suited to the Capacity of the Beasts, and if we would suppose a Hind expressing her self about these Matters, she would talk at that Rate.

As to the Absurdity of his expressions, there is nothing wrested to make 'em ridiculous, the terms are sometimes alter'd to make the Blunder more visible; Knowledge misunderstood is not at all better sense than Understanding misunderstood, though 'tis confess the Author can play with words so well, that this and twenty such will pass off at a slight reading.

There are other mistakes which could not be brought in, for they were too gross for Bayes himself to commit. 'Tis hard to conceive how any man could censure the Turks for Gluttony, a People that debauch in Coffee, are voluptuous in a mess of Rice, and keep the strictest Lent, without the pleasures of a Carnival to encourage them. But 'tis almost impossible to think that any man who had not renounced his Senses, should read Duncomb for Allen. He had been told that Mr. Allen had written a Discourse of Humility; to which he wisely answers, That that magnified Piece of Duncomb's was Translated from the Spanish of Rodriguez, and to

Difference be-  
twixt a Pro-  
testant and So-  
cian, p. 62.

## The P R E F A C E.

Set it beyond dispute, makes the Infallible Guide affirm the same thing. There Page 92. are few mistakes, but one may imagine how a Man fell into them, or at least what he aim'd at ; but what likeness is there between Duncomb and Allen ? do they so much as rhyme ?

We may have this comfort under the severity of his Satire, to see his Abilities equally lessen'd with his Opinion of us ; and that he could not be a fit Champion against the Panther till he had laid aside all his Judgment. But we must applaud his Obedience to his new Mother Hind ; she Disciplin'd him severely, she commanded him it seems, to Sacrifice his darling Fame, and to do it effectually he publish'd this learned Piece. This is the favourable Construction we would put on his faults, tho' he takes care to inform us, that it was done from no Imposition, but out of a natural Propensity he has to Malice, and a particular Inclination of doing Mischief. What else could provoke him to Libel the Court, Blaspheme Kings, abuse the whole Scotch Nation, rail at the greatest Part of his own, and lay all the Indignities imaginable on the only establish'd Religion ? And we must now Congratulate him in this Felicity, that there is no Sect or Denomination of Christians, whom he has not abused.

Thus far his Arms have with Success been crown'd.

Let Turks, Jews and Infidels, look to themselves, he has already begun the War upon them. When once

## The P R E F A C E.

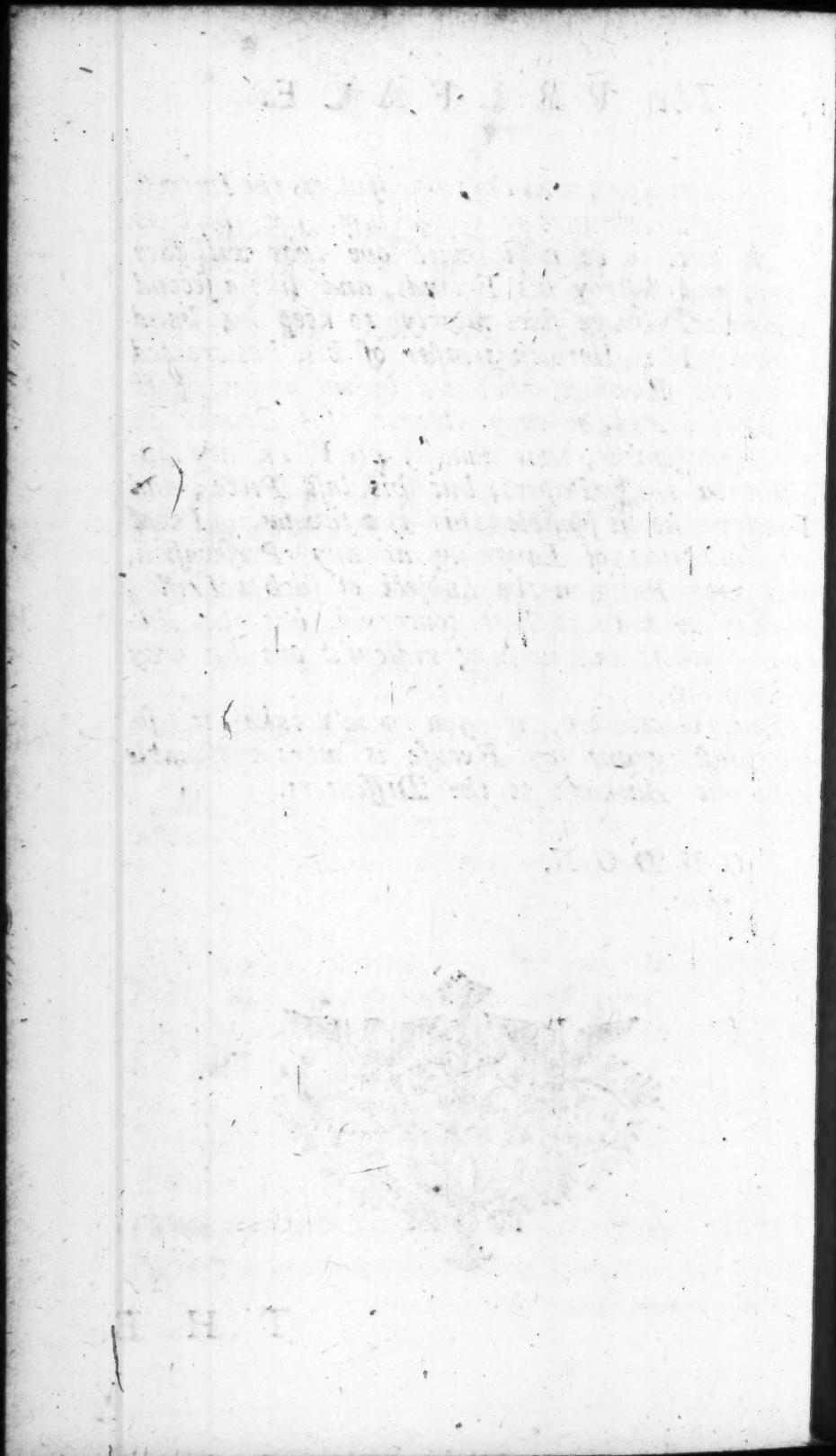
once a Conqueror grows thus dreadful, 'tis the Interest of all his Neighbours to oppose him, for there is no Alliance to be made with one that will face about, and destroy his Friends, and like a second Almanzor, change sides meerly to keep his band in ure. This Heroick temper of his, has created him some Enemies, that did by no means affect Hisility; and he may observe this Candor in the Management, that none of his Works are concern'd in these Papers, but his last Piece; and I believe he is sensible this is a favour. I was not ambitious of Laughing at any Perswasion, or making Religion the Subject of such a Trifle; so that no man is here concern'd, but the Author himself, and nothing ridicul'd but his way of arguing.

But, Gentlemen, if you won't take it so, you must grant my Excuse is more reasonable than our Author's to the Dissenters.

L O N D O N,  
1687.



T H E



F

H

Z

com

for

Roy

nor

F

affau

my

THE  
HIND  
AND THE  
PANTHER,

Transvers'd

To the Story of the  
*Country and the City-Mouse.*

---

*Bayes. Johnson. Smith.*

*Johnson.*

**H**AH! my old Friend Mr. *Bayes*, what  
lucky chance has thrown me upon you?  
Dear Rogue, let me embrace thee.

*Bayes.* Hold, at your peril, Sir, stand off and  
come not within my Sword's point,  
for if you are not come over to the Pref. p. 1.  
*Royal party, I expect neither fair war,*  
*nor fair quarter from you.*

*Johns.* How, draw upon your friend? and  
assault your old Acquaintance? O' my *conscience*  
my intentions were Honourable.

*Bayes.*

## The HIND and

*Bayes.* Conscience! Ay, ay, I know the deceit of that word well enough, let Pref. ib. me have the marks of your Conscience before I trust it, for if it be not of the stamp with mine, 'Gad I may be knockt down for all your fair promises.

*Smith.* Nay, prithee *Bayes*, what damn'd Villany hast thou been about, that thou'rt under these apprehensions? upon my Honour I'm thy friend; yet thou lookest as sneaking and frighted, as a dog that has been worrying Pref. ib. sheep.

*Bayes.* Ay Sir, *The Nation* is in too high a ferment for me to expect any mercy, or I'gad, to trust any body.

*Smith.* But why this to us, my old friend, who you know never trouble our heads with National Concerns, 'till the third bottle has taught us as much of Politicks, as the next does of Religion?

*Bayes.* Ah Gentlemen, leave this prophaneness, I am alter'd since you saw me, and cannot bear this loose talk now; Mr. *Johnson*, you are a man of Parts, let me desire you to read the *Guide of Controversy*; and Mr. *Smith*, I would recommend to you *the Considerations* Page 5. on the *Council of Trent*, and so Gentlemen your humble Servant. —

*Good life be now my Task.*

*Johns.* Nay Faith, we wont part so: believe us we are both your Friends; let us step to the *Rose* for one quarter of an hour, and talk over old Stories.

*Bayes.*

*Bayes.* I ever took you to be men of Honour, and for your sakes I will transgress as far as one Pint.

*Johns.* Well Mr. *Bayes*, many a merry bout have we had in this House, and shall have again, I hope: Come, what Wine are you for?

*Bayes.* Gentlemen, do you as you please, for my Part he shall bring me a single Pint of any thing.

*Smith.* How so, Mr. *Bayes*, have you lost your pallate? you have been more curious.

*Bayes.* True, I have so, but *senses* must be starv'd that the *soul* may be gratified. Men of your Kidney make the Page 21. *senses* the *supream Judge*, and therefore bribe 'em high, but we have laid both the use and pleasure of 'em aside.

*Smith.* What, is not there good eating and drinking on both sides? you make the separation greater than I thought it.

*Bayes.* No, no, whenever you see a fat Rosie-colour'd fellow, take it from me, he is either a Protestant or a *Turk*. Ibid.

*Johns.* At that rate, Mr. *Bayes*, one might suspect your Conversion; methinks thou hast as much the face of an *Heretick* as ever I saw.

*Bayes.* Such was I, such by nature still I am. But I hope e'er long I shall have drawn Page 5. this *pamper'd Paunch* fitter for the straight gate.

*Smith.* Sure, Sir, you are in ill hands, your Confessor gives you more severe rules than he practices; for not long ago a *Fat Frier* was thought a *true Character*. *Bayes.*

*Bayes.* Things were misrepresented to me: I confess I have been unfortunate in some of my Writings: but since you have put me upon that subject, I'll show you a thing I have in my Pocket shall wipe off all that, or I am mistaken.

*Smith.* Come, now thou art like thy self again. Here's the King's Health to thee — Communicate.

*Bayes.* Well, Gentlemen, here it is, and I'll be bold to say, the exactest Piece the world ever saw, a *Non Pareillo* I'faith. But I must bespeak your pardons if it reflects any thing upon your perswasion.

*Johns.* Use your Liberty, Sir, you know we are no *Bigots*.

*Bayes.* Why then you shall see me lay the *Reformation* on its back, I'gad, and justifie our Religion by way of *Fable*.

*Johns.* An apt contrivance indeed! what do you make a *Fable* of your *Religion*?

*Bayes.* Ay I'gad, and without *Morals* too; for I tread in no Man's steps; and to show you how far I can out-do any thing that ever was writ in this kind, I have taken *Horace's* design, but I'gad, have so out-done him, you shall be ashamed for your old *Friend*. You remember in him the *Story* of the *Country-Mouse*, and the *City-Mouse*; what a plain simple thing it is, it has no more Life and Spirit in it, I'gad, than a Hobby-horse; and his *Mice* talk so meanly, such common stuff, so like *meer Mice*, that I wonder it has pleas'd the World so long. But now will I undeceive *Mankind*, and teach them to heighten, and elevate a *Fable*. I will bring

## The PANTHER Transfers'd. 5

bring you in the very same *Mice* disputing the depth of *Philosophy*, searching into the Fundamentals of *Religion*, quoting *Texts*, *Fathers*, *Councils*, and all that, I'gad, as you shall see either of 'em could easily make an *Ass* of a *Country Vicar*. Now whereas *Horace* keeps to the dry naked story, I have more copiousness than to do that, I'gad. Here, I draw you general *Characters*, and describe all the *Beasts* of the *Creation*; there, I launch out into long *Digressions*, and leave my *Mice* for twenty Pages together; then I fall into *Raptures*, and make the finest *Soliloquies*, as would ravish you. Won't this do, think you?

*Johns.* Faith, Sir, I don't well conceive you; all this about two *Mice*?

*Bayes.* Ay, why not? is it not great and Heroical? but come, you'll understand it better when you hear it; and pray be as severe as you can, I'gad I defy all *Criticks*. Thus it begins.

*A milk-white Mouse immortal and unchang'd,  
Fed on soft Cheese, and o'er the Dairy rang'd;  
Without, unspotted; innocent within,  
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no Ginn,*

Page I.

*Johns.* Methinks Mr. *Bayes*, soft Cheese is a little too coarse Diet for an *immortal Mouse*; were there any necessity for her eating, you should have consulted *Homer* for some *Cœlestial Provision*.

O

*Bayes.*

*Bayes.* Faith Gentlemen, I did so; but indeed I have not the *Latin* one, which I have mark'd by me, and could not readily find it in the Original.

*Yet had She oft been scar'd by bloody Claws* Pag. 1.  
*Of winged Owls, and stern Grimalkin's Paws*  
*Aim'd at herdestin'd Head, which made her fly,* P. 2.  
*'Tho' She was doom'd to Dearth, and fated not to die.*

*Smith.* How came She that fear'd no danger in the line before, to be scar'd in this, Mr. *Bayes*?

*Bayes.* Why then you may have it *chas'd* if you will; for I hope a Man may run away without being *afraid*; mayn't he?

*Johns.* But pray give me leave; how was She *doom'd to Death*, if She *was fated not to die*? are not *doom* and *fate*, much the same thing?

*Bayes.* Nay, Gentlemen, if you question my skill in the Language, I'm your humble Servant; the *Rogues* the *Criticks*, that will allow me nothing else, give me that; sure I that made the Word, know best what I meant by it: I assure you, *doom'd* and *fated*, are quite different Things.

*Smith.* Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, if you were *doom'd* to be hang'd, whatever you were *fated to*, 'twould give you but small comfort.

*Bayes.* Never trouble your head with that, Mr. *Smith*, mind the business in hand.

*Not so her young; their Linsy-woolsy line,* Pag. 2.  
*Was Hero's make, half human, half Divine.*

*Smith.*

## The PANTHER Transvers'd. 7

Smith. Certainly these *Hero's, half Human, half Divine*, have very little of the *Mouse* their *Mother*.

Bayes. Gadsokers! Mr. Johnson, does your Friend think I mean nothing but a *Mouse*, by all this? I tell thee, Man, I mean a *Church*, and these young Gentlemen her Sons, signify *Priests, Martyrs, and Confessors*, that were hang'd in *Oates's Plot*. There's an excellent *Latin Sentence*, which I had a mind to bring in, *Sanguis Martyrum semen Ecclesiae*, and I think I have not wrong'd it in the Translation.

*Of these a slaughter'd Army lay in Blood, Pag. 2.  
Whose sanguine Seed increas'd the sacred Brood;  
She multiply'd by these, now rang'd alone,  
And wander'd in the Kingdoms once her own. P. 3.*

Smith. Was She alone when the sacred Brood was increased?

Bayes. Why thy Head's running on the *Mouse* again; but I hope a *Church* may be *alone*, tho' the *Members* be *increas'd*, mayn't it?

Johns. Certainly Mr. Bayes, a *Church* which is a *diffusive Body of Men*, can much less be said to be *alone*.

Bayes. But are you really of that Opinion? Take it from me, Mr. Johnson, you are wrong; however to oblige you, I'll clap in some *Simile* or other, about the *Children of Israel*, and it shall do.

Smith. Will you pardon me one word more, Mr. Bayes? What could the *Mouse* (for I suppose

pose you mean her now) do more then range  
in the *Kingdoms*, when they were her own?

*Bayes.* Do? why She *reign'd?* had a *Diadem*,  
*Scepter*, and *Ball*, till they depos'd her.

*Smith.* Now her Sons are so *increas'd*, She  
may try t'other pull for't.

*Bayes.* I'gad, and so She may before I have  
done with Her; it has cost me some pains to  
clear Her Title. Well, but Mum for that,  
*Mr. Smith.*

*The common Hunt*, She tim'rously past by, Pag. 3.  
For they made tame, *disdain'd Her company*;  
*They grin'd*, She in a fright *tript o'er the Green*,  
For She was *lov'd*, wherever She was seen.

*Johns.* Well said little *Bayes*, I'faith the Critick  
must have a great deal of leisure, that at-  
tacks those Verses.

*Bayes.* I'gad, I'll warrant, who e'er he is,  
~~affendet solidos~~; but I go on.

*The Independent Beast.*— Page 3.

*Smith.* Who is that Mr. *Bayes*?

*Bayes.* Why a *Bear*: Pox, is not that ob-  
vious enough?

—*In greans Her hate exprest.*

Which I'gad, is very natural to that *Animal*.  
Well! there's for the *Independent*: Now the  
*Quaker*; what do you think I call him?

*Smith.* Why, A *Bull*, for aught I know.

*Bayes.* A *Bull*! O Lord! A *Bull*! no, no,  
a *Hare*, a *quaking Hare*.—*Armarillis*, because  
She wears *Armour*, 'tis the same Figure; and

## The PANTHER Transvers'd. 9

I am proud to say it, Mr. Johnson, no man knows how to pun in Heroics but my self, well you shall hear.

She thought, and reason good, the quaking Hare,  
Her cruel Foe, because She would not swear,  
And had profess'd neutrality. Pag. 3.

*Johns.* A shrew'd Reason that, Mr. Bayes; but what Wars were there?

*Bayes.* Wars! why there had been bloody Wars, tho' they were pretty well reconcil'd now. Yet to bring in two or three such fine things as these, I don't tell you the Lyon's Peace was proclaim'd till fifty pages after, tho' 'twas really done before I had finish'd my Poem.

Next Her, the Buffoon Ape his body bent, Pag. 3.  
And paid at Church a Courtier's compliment.

That gauls somewhere; I'gad I can't leave it off, tho' I were cudgel'd every day for it.

*The brist'ld Baptist Boar, impure as he.* Pag. 4.

*Smith.* As who?

*Bayes.* As the Courtier, let 'em e'en Pag. 85.  
take it as they will, I'gad, I seldom come a-  
mongst 'em.

Was whit'n'd with the foam of Sanctity. Pag. 18.

*The Wolf with Belly-gaunt his rough crest rears,*  
And pricks up.—Now in one word will I abuse the whole party most damnably.—*and*  
O. 3. pricks

pricks up. —— I'gad, I am sure you'll Laugh  
 —— his Predestinating Ears. Prethee Mr.  
 Johnson, remember little Bayes, when next you  
 see a Presbyterian, and take notice if he has  
 not Predestination in the shape of his Ear: I  
 have studied Men so long, I'll undertake to  
 know an Arminian, by the setting of his Wig.  
 His Predestinating Ears. I'gad, there's ne'er a  
 Presbyterian shall dare to show his Head with-  
 out a Border: I'll put 'em to that expence.

Smith. Pray Mr. Bayes, if any of 'em should  
 come over to the Royal Party, would their  
 Ears alter?

Bayes. Would they? Ay, I'gad, they would  
 shed their Fanatical Lugs, and have just such well-  
 turn'd Ears as I have; mind this, Ear, this is a  
 true Roman Ear, mine are much chang'd for  
 the better within this two Years.

Smith. Then if ever the Party should chance  
 to fail, you might lose 'em, for what may change,  
 may fall.

Bayes. Mind, mind ——

These fiery Zwinglius, meagre Calvin bred. Pag. 11.

Smith. Those I suppose are some Out-Landish  
 Beasts, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Beasts is a good Mistake! Why they  
 were the chief Reformers, but here I put 'em  
 in so bad Company because they were Enemies  
 to my Mouse, and anon when I am warm'd, I'gad,  
 you shall hear me call 'em Doctors,  
 Pag. 39. Captains, Horses, and Horsemen, in the  
 very same Breath. You shall hear how  
 I go on now,

Or

## The PANTHER Transvers'd.

11

Or else reforming Corah spawn'd this Class,  
When opening Earth made way for all to pass. P. 11.

Johns. For all, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. Yes, They were all lost there, but some of 'em were thrown up again at the Leman-Lake: as a Catholick Queen sunk at Charing-Cross, and rose again at Queenbith.

*The Fox and he came shuffling in the dark,*  
If ever they were stow'd in Noah's Ark. Pag. 11.

Here I put a Quare, Whether there were any Socinians before the Flood, which I'm not very well satisfyed in? I have been lately apt to believe that the World was drown'd for that Heresy; which among Friends made me leave it,

*Quickned with Fire below, these Monsters breed*  
In Fenny Holland, and in Fruitful Tweed. P. 12.

Now to write something new and out of the way, elevate and surprize, and all that, I fetch, you see, this *Quickning Fire* from the Bottom of Boggs and Rivers.

Johns. Why, Faith, that's as ingenious a Contrivance as the *Virtuoso's* making a Burning-Glass of Ice.

Bayes. Why was there ever any such thing? Let me perish if ever I heard of it. The Fancy was sheer new to me; and I thought no Man had reconcil'd those Elements but myself. Well, Gentlemen! Thus far I have followed Antiquity,

tiquity, and as *Homer* has numbred his Ships, so I have rang'd my Beasts. Here is my *Boar* and my *Bear*, and my *Fox*, and my *Wolf*, and the rest of 'em all against my poor *Mouse*. Now what do you think I do with all these?

*Smith.* Faith I don't know, I suppose you make 'em fight.

*Bayes.* Fight ! I'gad. I'd as soon make 'em Dance. No, I do no earthly thing with 'em, nothing at all, I'gad : I think they have play'd their Parts sufficiently already ; I have walk'd 'em out, show'd 'em to the Company, and rais'd your Expectation. And now whilst you hope to see 'em bated, and are dreaming of Blood and Battels, they sculk off, and you hear no more of 'em.

*Smith.* Why, Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, now you have been at such expence in setting forth their Characters, it had been too much to have gone through with 'em.

*Bayes.* I'gad so it had : And then I'll tell you another thing, 'tis not every one that reads a Poem through. And therefore I fill the first part with Flowers, Figures, fine Language, and all that ; and then I'gad fink by degrees, till at last I write but little better than other People. And whereas most Authors creep servilely after the Old Fellows, and strive to grow upon their Readers ; I take another Course, I bring in all my Characters together, and let 'em see I could go on with 'em ; but I'gad, I wo'nt.

*Johns.* Could go on with 'em Mr. *Bayes* ! there's no body doubts that ; You have a most particular *Genius* that way.

*Bayes.*

Bayes. Oh! Dear Sir, You are mighty obliging: But I must needs say, at a *Fable* or an *Emblem*, I think no Man comes near me, indeed I have studied it more than any Man. Did you ever take notice, Mr. *Johnson*, of a little thing that has taken mightily about Town, a *Cat with a Top-knot*?

Johns. Faith, Sir, 'tis mighty pretty, I saw it at the *Coffee-House*.

Bayes. 'Tis a Trifle hardly worth owning; I was t'other Day at *Will's* throwing out something of that Nature; and I'gad, the hint was taken, and out came that Picture; indeed the poor Fellow was so civil to present me with a dozen of 'em for my Friends, I think I have one here in my Pocket; would you please to accept it, Mr. *Johnson*?

Johnson. Really 'tis very ingenious.

Bayes. Oh Lord! Nothing at all, I could design twenty of 'em in an hour, if I had but witty Fellows about me to draw 'em. I was proffer'd a Pension to go into *Holland*, and contrive their *Emblems*. But hang 'em they are dull Rogues, and would spoil my Invention. But come, Gentlemen, let us return to our Business, and here I'll give you a delicate description of a Man.

Smith. But how does that come in;

Bayes. Come in? very naturally. I was talking of a *Wolf*, and that supposes a Wood, and then I clap an Epithet to't, and call it a *Celtic Wood*: Now when I was there, I could not help thinking of the *French Persecution*, and I'gad, from all these Thoughts I took occasion to rail

at

at the French King, and show that he was not of the same make with other Men, which thus I prove.

*The Divine Blacksmith in th' Abyss of Light,*  
Yawning and lolling with a careless beat, P. 15.  
*Struck out the mute Creation at a Heat.*

But he work'd hard to Hammer out our Souls,  
He blew the Bellows, and stir'd up the Coals;  
Long time he thought, and could not on a sudden  
*Knead up with unskim'd Milk this Reas'ning*  
Pudding: Pag. 19.

Tender, and mild within its Bag it lay  
*Confessing still the softness of its Clay,*  
And kind as Milk-Maids on their Wedding-Day.

*Till Pride of Empire, Lust, and hot Desire*  
Did over-boil him, like too great a Fire,  
And understanding grown, misunderstood,  
Burn'd Him to th' Pot, and sour'd his curdled

*Blood.*  
Johns. But sure this is a little prophane, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Not at all: Does not Virgil bring in his Good Vulcan working at the Anvil?

Johns. Ay. Sir, but never thought his Hands the fittest to make a Pudding.

Bayes. Why do you imagine Him an Earthly dirty Blacksmith? Gad you make it prophane indeed. I'll tell you, there's as much difference betwixt

betwixt 'em, I'gad as betwixt my Man and Milton's. But now, Gentlemen, the Plot thickens, here comes my t'other *Mouse*, the *City-Mouse*.

A *Spotted Mouse*, the prittiest next the white, P.16.  
Ah! were her Spots wash'd out, as pretty quite,  
With *Phylacteries* on her Forehead spread, P.23.  
*Crozier* in Hand, and *Mitre* on her Head. P.22.  
*Three Steeples Argent* on her *sable Shield*. Pag. 84.  
Liv'd in the *City*, and disdain'd the *Field*.

*Johns.* This is a glorious *Mouse* indeed! but as you have dress'd her, we don't know whether she be *Jew*, *Papist*, or *Protestant*.

*Bayes.* Let me embrace you, Mr. *Johnson*, for that; you take it right. She is a meer *Babel* of *Religions*, and therefore she's a *Spotted Mouse* here, and will be a *Mule* presently. But to go on.

*This Princess*—

*Smith.* What *Princess*, Mr. *Bayes*?

*Bayes.* Why this *Mouse*, for I forgot to tell you, an *Old Lyon* made a *left* Pag. 10. *Hand Marriage* with her Mother, and begot on her *Body Elizabeth Schism*, who was married to *Timothy Sacriledge*, and had Issue *Graceless Heresy*. Who all give the same Coat with their Mother, *Three Steeples Argent*, as I told you before.

*This Princess*, tho' *estrang'd* from what was *best*,  
*Was least Deform'd, because Reform'd the least.* P.23.

There's

There's *De* and *Re* as good I'gad as ever was.

*She in a Masquerade of Mirth and Love, P. 22.*  
*Mistook the Bliss of Heaven for Bacchanals above,*  
*And grubb'd the Thorns beneath our tender Feet,*  
*To make the Paths of Paradise more sweet.*

There's a Jolly *Mouse* for you, let me see any Body else that can shew you such another. Here now have I one damnable, severe, reflecting Line, but I want a Rhime to it, can you help me, Mr. *Johnson*?

She—

*Humbly content to be despis'd at Home,*  
*Johns. Which is too narrow Infamy for some.*

*Bayes.* Sir, I thank you, now I can go on with it.

*Whose Merits are diffus'd from Pole to Pole, P. 63.*  
*Where Winds can carry, and where Waves can roll.*

*Johns.* But does not this reflect upon some of your Friends, Mr. *Bayes*?

*Bayes.* 'Tis no matter for that, let me alone to bring myself off. I'll tell you, lately I writ a damn'd Libel on a whole Party, sheer-Point and Satire all through, I'gad. Call'd 'em Rogues, Dogs, and all the Names I could think of, but with an exceeding deal of Wit; that I must needs say. Now it happen'd before I could finish this Piece, the Scheme of Affairs was altered,

tered, and those People were no longer Beasts : Here was a Plunge now : Should I lose my Labour, or Libel my Friends ? 'Tis not every Body's Talent to find a *Salvo* for this : But what do me, I but write a smooth, delicate Preface, wherein I tell them that the *Satire* was not intended to them, and this did the Business.

*Smith.* But if it was not intended to them against whom it was writ, certainly it had no meaning at all.

*Bayes.* Poh ! there's the Trick on't : Poor Fools, they took it, and were satisfy'd : And yet it maul'd 'em damnably, I'gad.

*Smith.* Why Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, there's this very Contrivance in the *Preface to Dear Joy's Fests.*

*Bayes.* What a Devil do you think that I'd steal from such an Author ? Or ever read it ?

*Smith.* I can't tell, but you sometimes read as bad. I have heard you quote *Reynard the Fox.*

*Bayes.* Why there's it now ; take it from me, Mr. *Smith*, there is as good *Morality*, and as sound Precepts, in the *delectable History of Reynard the Fox*, as in any Book I know, except *Seneca*. Pray tell me where in any other Author could I have found so pretty a Name for a *Wolf* as *Isgrim* ? But prithee, Mr. *Smith*, give me no more trouble, and let me go on with my *Mouse*.

One Evening, when she went away from *Court*,  
*Levee's and Couchee's* past without resort. P. 29.

There's Court Language for you; nothing gives a Verse so fine a turn as an Air of good Breeding.

*Smith.* But methinks the *Levee's and Couchee's* of a *Mouse* are too great, especially when she is walking from Court to the cooler Shades.

*Bayes.* I'gad now have you forgot what I told you, that she was a *Princess*. But pray mind; here the two Mice meet.

She met the Country Mouse, whose *fearful Face*  
*Beheld from far the common watering Place,*

*Nor durst approach* —————

P. 29.

*Smith.* Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, this *Mouse* is strangely alter'd, since she *fear'd no Danger*.

*Bayes.* Godsokers! Why no more she does not yet, fear either Man, or Beast: But, poor Creature, she's afraid of the Water, for she could not swim, as you see by this.

*Nor durst approach, till with an awful Roar*  
*The Sovereign Lyon bad her fear no more.* P. 30.

But besides, 'tis above thirty Pages off that I told you she *fear'd no Danger*; and I'gad if you will have no variation of the Character, you must have the same thing over and over again; 'tis the Beauty of Writing to strike you still with something new. Well, but to proceed.

But when she had this sweetest Mouse *in view*,  
*Good Lord, how she admir'd her Heavenly Hue!*

Page 30.

Here

## The PANTHER Transvers'd. 19

Here now to show you I am Master of all Stiles,  
I let myself down from the *Majesty* of *Virgil*,  
to the *Sweetness* of *Ovid*.

Good Lord, how she admir'd her *Heavenly Hue*!

What more easy and familiar! I writ this Line  
for the *Ladies*: The little Rogues will be so  
fond of me to find I can yet be so tender. I  
hate such a rough unhewn Fellow as *Milton*,  
that a Man must sweat to read Him; I'gad you  
may run over this and be almost asleep.

Th' Immortal Mouse, who saw the *Viceroy* come  
So far to see Her, did invite her Home.

There's a pretty Name now for the *Spotted  
Mouse*, the *Viceroy*!

*Smith*. But pray why d'ye call her so?

*Bayes*. Why! Because it sounds prettily:  
I'll call her the *Crown-General* presently, if  
I've a mind to it. Well. Page 55.

\_\_\_\_\_ did invite her Home  
To smoak a Pipe, and o'er a sober Pot  
Discourse of *Oates* and *Bedloe*, and the *Plot*.  
She made a Court'sy, like a Civil Dame, P. 31.  
And, being *much a Gentlewoman*, came.

Well, Gentlemen, here's my first Part Pag. 32.  
finish'd, and I think I have kept my  
Word with you, and given it the *Majestick turn*  
of *Heroick Poesy*. The rest being matter of  
*Dispute*, I had not such frequent occasion for  
the *magnificence* of *Verse*, tho' I'gad they speak  
P 2 very

very well. And I have heard *Men*, and *considerable Men* too, talk the very same Things, a great deal worse.

*Johns.* Nay, without doubt, Mr. *Bayes*, they have received no small advantage from the smoothnes of your numbers.

*Bayes.* Ay, ay, I can do't, if I list: Though you must not think I have been so dull as to mind these Things myself, but 'tis the advantage of our *Coffee-house*, that from their talk one may write a very good *polemical* discourse, without ever troubling one's Head with the Books of *Controversy*. For I can take the slightest of their Arguments, and clap 'em pertly into four Verses, which shall stare any *London Divine* in the face. Indeed, your knotty Reasonings with a long train of *Majors* and *Minors*, and the Devil and all, are too barbarous for my stile; but I'gad, I can flourish better with one of these twinkling Arguments, than the best of 'em can fight with t'other. But we return to our *Mouse*, and now I've brought 'em together, let 'em e'en speak for themselves, which they will do extreamly well, or I'm mistaken: and pray observe, Gentlemen, if in one you don't find all the delicacy of a luxurious *City-Mouse*, and in the other all the plain simplicity of a sober serious *Matron*.

*Dame, said the Lady of the Spotted Muff*, P. 52.  
Methinks your *Tiff* is sour, your *Cates* meer stuff.  
There, did not I tell you she'd be nice?

Your Pipe's so foul, that I disdain to smoak;  
And the Weed worse than e'er *Tom. I--s* took.

*Smith.*

*Smith.* I did not hear she had a *Spotted Muff* before.

*Bayes.* Why no more she has not now: but she has a Skin that might make a *Spotted Muff*. There's a pretty Figure now, unknown to the Ancients.

Leave, leave († *she's earnest you see*) this hoary  
Shed and lonely Hills, † *Poeta Loquitur*.  
And eat with me at *Groleau's*, smoak at *Will's*.  
What Wretch would nibble on a Hanging-shelf,  
When at *Pontack's* he may *Regale* himself?  
Or to the House of cleanly *Renish* go:  
Or that at *Charing-Cross*, or that in *Channel-Row*?

\* Do you mark me now? I would by this represent the vanity of a *Town-Fop*, who pretends to be acquainted at all those good Houses, though perhaps he ne'er was in 'em. But hark! she goes on.

Come, at a Crown a Head ourselves we'll treat,  
*Champain* our Liquor, and *Ragoists* our Meat.  
Then hand in hand we'll go to *Court*, dear *Cuz*,  
To visit *Bishop Martin*, and *King Buz*.  
With *Evening Wheels* we'll drive about the Park,  
Finish at *Locket's*, and reel home i'th' Dark.  
Break clattering Windows, and demolish Doors  
Of English Manufactures---*Pimps*, and *Whores*.

Page 63.

*Johns.* Methinks a *Pimp* or a *Whore*, is an odd sort of a *Manufacture*, Mr. Bayes.

*Bayes.* I call 'em so, to give the *Parliament* a hint not to suffer so many of 'em to be exported, to the decay of *Trade at home*.

With these Allurements *Spotted* did invite From *Hermits Cell*, the *Female Proselyte*.

*Ob!* with what ease we follow such a *Guide*, Where *Souls* are starv'd, and *Senses* gratify'd.

Now would not you think she's going? but I'gad, your mistaken; you shall hear a long Argument about *Infallibility*, before she stirs yet.

But here the *White*, by *observation wise*, Pag. 96. Who long on *Heaven* had fixt her prying Eyes, With thoughtful Countenance, and grave Remark, Said, or my Judgment fails me, or 'tis dark. Lest therefore we should stray, and not go right, Through the *brown horror* of the starless Night. Hast thou *Infallibility*, that *Wight*? Pag. 37.

Sternly the *Savage* grin'd, and thus reply'd: That *Mice* may err, was never yet deny'd. That I deny, said the immortal dame, There is a *Guide*--'Gad I've forgot his Name, P. 37. Who lives in *Heaven* or *Rome*, the *Lord* knows where, Had we but him, Sweet-heart, we could not err. But hark you, Sister, this is but a *Whim*; Spotted For still we want a *Guide* to find out *Him*. *Mouse*, Loquitur.

Here

Here you see I don't trouble myself to keep on the Narration, but write *white Speaks*, or *dapple Speaks* by the side. But when I get any noble thought which I envy a *Mouse* should say, I clap it down in my own Person with a *Poeta Loquitur*; which, take Page 69. notice, is a surer sign of a fine thing in my Writings, than a Hand in the Margin any where else. Well, now says *White*,

What need we find Him? we have certain proof  
That he is some where, *Dame*, and that's enough:  
For if there is a *Guide* that knows the way,  
Although we know not him, we cannot stray.

That's true, I'gad: Well said *White*. You see her Adversary has nothing to say for herself, and therefore to confirm the Victory, she shall make a *Simile*.

*Smith*. Why then I find Similes are as good after Victory, as after a Surprize.

*Bayes*. Every Jot, I'gad, or rather better. Well, she can do it two ways, either about *Emission*, or *Reception* of Page 37. Light, or else about *Epsom-waters*, but I think the last is most familiar; therefore speak my pretty one.

As though 'tis controverted in the *School*,  
If *Waters* pass by *Urine* or by *Stool*,  
Shall we who are *Philosophers*, thence gather  
From this dissention that they work by neither.

And

And I'gad, she's in the right on't ; but mind now, she comes upon her swop !

All this I did, your Arguments to try.

And I'gad, if they had been never so good, this next Line confutes 'em.

Hear, and be dumb, thou Wretch, *that Guide am I.*  
Page 54.

There's a Surprize for you now ! How sneakingly t'other looks ? Was not that pretty now, to make her ask for a *Guide* first, and then tell her she was one ? Who could have thought that this little *Mouse* had the *Pope* and a whole *General Council* in her Belly ? Now Dapple had nothing to say to this ; and therefore you'll see she grows peevish.

Come leave your Cracking tricks, and as they say, Use not, that Barber that trims time, delay ; P. 101.

Which I'gad is new, and my own.  
I've Eyes as well as you to find the way.  
Then on they jogg'd, and since an hour of talk  
Might cut a Banter on the tedious walk ;  
As I remember said the sober Mouse,  
I've heard much talk of the *Wits Coffee-House*.  
Thither, says *Brindle*, thou shalt go, and see  
*Priests* sipping *Coffee*, *Sparks* and *Poets Tea* ;  
Here rugged *Freeze*, there *Quality* well dreft,  
These baffling the *Grand Seignior* ; those the *Teft*.

And

And here shrew'd guesses made, and reasons given  
That human Laws were never made in Heaven. P. 111  
But above all, what shall oblige thy sight,  
And fill thy Eye-Balls with a vast delight ;  
Is the Poetic Judge of sacred Wit,  
Who do's i' th' *Darkness of his Glory* fit.

*And as the Moon who first receives the light,* P. 28.  
*With which she makes these nether Regions bright ;*  
*So does he shine, reflecting from afar,*

*The Rayes he borrow'd from a better Star :*  
For rules which from *Corneille* and *Rapin* flow,  
Admir'd by all the scribbling Herd below.  
From *French Tradition* while he does dispence,  
Unerring Truths, 'tis Schism, a damn'd offence,  
'To question his, or trust your private sense.

Hah ! is not that right, Mr. *Johnson* ? I'gad,  
forgive me, he is fast asleep ! O the damn'd  
stupidity of this Age ! asleep ! Well, Sir, since  
you're so drowsy, your humble Servant.

*Johns.* Nay, Pray Mr. *Bayes*, Faith I heard  
you all the while. *The white Mouse.*

*Bayes.* The white *Mouse* ! ay, ay, I thought  
how you heard me. Your Servant, Sir, your  
Servant.

*Johns.* Nay, Dear *Bayes*, Faith I beg thy  
Pardon, I was up late lait Night, Prithee lend  
me a little Snuff, and go on.

*Bayes.* Go on ! Pox I dont' know where I  
was, well I'll begin here ; mind, now they are  
both come to Town.

But

But now at *Peccadille* they arrive,  
 And taking Coach, t'wards *Temple-Bar* they drive ;  
 But at St. *Clement's Church*, eat out the Back ;  
 And slipping thro' the *Palsgrave*, bilkt poor *Hack*.

There's the *Urile*, which ought to be in all Poetry, many a *young Templer* will save his Shilling by this Stratagem of my *Mice*.

*Smith.* Why, will any *young Templer* eat out the back of a Coach ?

*Bayes.* No, I'gad, but you'll grant it is mighty natural for a *Mouse*.

Thence to the *Devil*, and ask'd if *Chanticleer*,  
*Of Clergy kind*, or *Councillor Chough* was there ;  
 Or *Mr. Dove*, a *Pigeon* of Renown, Page 133.  
*By his high crop, and corny Gizzard known*, P. 126.  
*Or Sister Partlet, with the Hooded head* ; P. 130.  
 No, Sir, She's hooted hence, said *Will*, and fled.  
 Why so? Because she would not pray a-Bed.

*Johns. aside.* 'Sdeath! who can keep awake at such stuff? Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, lend me your Box again.

*Bayes.* Mr. *Johnson*, how d'ye like that Box ?  
 Pray take notice of it, 'twas given me by a Person of Honour for looking over a Paper of Verses ; and indeed I put in all the lines that were worth any thing in the whole Poem. Well, but where were we? Oh ! here they are, just going up stairs into the *Apollo* ; from whence

my

my White takes occasion to talk very well of Tradition.

Thus to the place where *Johnson* sat we climb,  
Leaning on the same Rail that guided him ;  
And whilst we thus on equal helps rely,  
Our Wit must be as true, our thoughts as high.  
For as an *Author* happily compares Page 45.  
*Tradition* to a well-fixt pair of *Stairs*,  
So this the *Scala Sancta* we believe,  
By which his *Traditive Genius* we receive.  
Thus every step I take, my Spirits soar,  
And I grow more a *Wit*, and more, and more.

There's humour ! Is not that the liveliest Image  
in the World of a *Mouses* going up a pair of  
Stairs. *More a Wit, and more, and more?*

*Smith.* Mr. *Bayes*, I beg your Pardon heartily, I must be rude, I have a particular Engagement at this time, and I see you are not near an end yet.

*Bayes.* Godsokers ! sure you won't serve me so : All my finest Descriptions and best Discourse is yet to come.

*Smith.* Troth, Sir, if 'twere not an Extraordinary concern I could not leave you.

*Bayes.* Well ; but you shall take a little more ; and here I'll pass over two dainty Episodes of *Swallows*, *Swifts*, *Chickens*, and *Buzzards*.

*Johns.* I know not why they should come in, except to make yours the longest *Fable* that ever was told. *Bayes.*

*Bayes.* Why, the excellency of a *Fable* is in the length of it. *Æsop* indeed, like a Slave as he was, made little, short, simple Stories, with a dry moral at the end of 'em; and could not form any noble design. But here I give you *Fable* upon *Fable*; and after you are satisfy'd with Beasts in the first course, serve you up a delicate Dish of Fowl for the second; now I was at all this pains to abuse one particular Person; for I'gad, I'll tell you what a trick he serv'd me. I was once Translating a *Varillas*. very good *French Author*, but being something long about it; as you know a Man is not always in the Humour; what does this *Jack* do, but puts out an Answer to my Friend before I had half finished the Translation: So there was three whole Months lost upon his Account. But I think I have my revenge on him sufficiently, for I let Page 137. all the World know, that he is a tall, broad-back'd, lusty Fellow, of a brown Complexion, fair Behaviour, a Fluent Tongue, and taking amongst the Women; and to top it all, that he's much a Scholar, more a Wit, and owns but two Sacraments. Don't you think this Fellow will hang himself? But besides, I have so nickt his Character in a Name as will make you split. I call him— I'gad, I won't tell you unless you remember what I said of him.

*Smith.* Why, that he was much a Scholar, and more a Wit.

*Bayes.* Right; and his Name is *Buzzard*, ha! ha! ha.

*Johns.* Very proper indeed, Sir. *Bayes.*

*Bayes.* Nay, I have a farther fetch in it yet than perhaps you imagin; for his true Name begins with a *B*, which makes me slyly contrive him this, to begin with the same Letter: There's a pretty device, Mr. *Johnson*; I learn'd it, I must needs confess, from that ingenious sport, I love my Love with an *A*, because she's *Amiable*; and if you could but get a knot of merry Fellows together, you should see how little *Bayes* would top 'em all at it, I'gad.

*Smith.* Well, but good Faith, Mr. *Bayes*, I must leave you, I am half an hour past my time.

*Bayes.* Well. I've done, I've done. Here are eight hundred Verses upon a rainy Night, and a Bird's-Nest; and here's three hundred more, Translated from two *Paris Gazettes*, in which the *Spotted Mouse* gives an account of the Treaty of Peace between the *Czar* of *Muscovy*, and the *Emperor*, which is a piece of News, *White* does not believe, and this is her Answer. I am resolv'd you shall hear it, for in it I have taken occasion to prove *Oral Tradition* better than *Scripture*. Now you must know, 'tis sincerely my Opinion, that it had been better for the World, if we ne'er had had any *Bibles* at all.

E'er that *Gazette* was printed, said the *White*, P. 50.  
*Our Robin* told another Story quite; *flum ew and*  
This *Oral Truth* more safely I believ'd,  
My Ears cannot, your Eyes may be deceiv'd.  
By word of Mouth unerring Maxims flow,  
And *Preaching's* best, if understood, or no.

Words, I confess bound by, and trip so light, P. 3,  
 We have not time to take a steady sight ;  
 Yet fleeting thus, are plainer than when Writ,  
 To long Examination they submit.

Hard things—Mr. Smith, if these two lines  
 don't recompence your stay, ne'er trust John  
 Bayes again.

Hard things at the first Blush are clear and full,  
 God mends on second thoughts, but Man grows dull.

Page 15.

I'gad, I judge of all Men by myself, 'tis so  
 with me, I never strove to be very exact in any  
 thing but I spoil'd it.

Smith. But allowing your Character to be true,  
 is it not a little too severe ?

Bayes. 'Tis no matter for that, these general  
 reflections are daring, and favour most of a noble  
 Genius, that spares neither Friend nor Foe.

Johns. Are you never afraid of a drubbing  
 for that daring of your noble Genius ?

Bayes. Afraid ! Why Lord you make so  
 much of a beating, I'gad, 'tis no more to me  
 than a Flea-biting. No, no, if I can but be  
 witty upon 'em, let 'em e'en lay on, I'faith, I'll  
 ne'er baulk my fancy to save my Carcass. Well,  
 but we must dispatch, Mr. Smith.

Thus did they merrily carouse all Day,  
 And, like the gaudy fly, their Wings display ; }  
 And sip the sweets, and bask in great Apollo's ray. }

Well,

Well, there's an end of the Entertainment; and Mr. Smith, if your affairs would have permitted, you would have heard the best *Bill of Fare* that ever was serv'd up in *Heroicks*: But here follows a dispute shall recommend itself, I'll say nothing for it. For *Dapple*, who you must know was a *Protestant*, all this while, trusts her own Judgment, and foolishly dislikes the Wine; upon which our *Innocent* does so run her down, that she has not one word to say for herself, but what I put in her Mouth; and I'gad, you may imagin they won't be very good ones, for she has disoblig'd me, like an *Ingrate*.

*Sirrah*, says *Brindle*, Thou hast brought us Wine,  
Sour to my Taste, and to my Eyes unfine.  
Says *Will*, all *Gentlemen* like it; ah! says *White*,  
What is approv'd by them, must needs be right.  
'Tis true, I thought it bad, but if the House P. 38.  
Commend it, I submit, a private *Mouse*.

Mind that, mind the *Decorum*, and *Deference*,  
which our *Mouse* pays to the Company.

Nor to their *Catholic* consent oppose  
My erring Judgment, and reforming Nose.

Ah! ah! there she has nick'd her, that's up  
to the Hilts, I'gad, and you shall see *Dapple*  
refents it.

Why, what a Devil, shan't I trust my Eyes?  
 Must I drink *Stum* because the *Rascal* lies?  
 And palms upon us *Catholic* consent,  
 To give *sophisticated Brewings* vent.  
 Says *White*, what ancient Evidence can fway, P. 5.  
 If you must Argue thus, and not obey?  
 Drawers must be trusted, through whose hands  
 You take the *Liquor*, or you spoil the *Trade*, (convey'd,  
 For sure those *Honest Fellows* have no knack,  
 Of putting off *stum'd Claret* for *Pontac*.  
 How long, alas! would the poor *Vintner* last,  
 If all that drink must judge, and every Guest  
 Be allowed to have an understanding *Taste*? }  
 Thus see: Nor could the *Panther* well enlarge,  
 With weak defence, against so strong a Charge.

There I call her a *Panther*, because she's  
 spotted, which is such a blot to the *Reformation*, as I warrant 'em they will never claw  
 off, I'gad. But with a weary *Yawn* that shew'd her pride,  
 Said, *Spotless* was a *Villain*, and she ly'd.  
*White* saw her canker'd *Malice* at that word,  
 And said her *Pray'rs*, and drew her *Delphic Sword*.  
 T'other cry'd *Murther*, and her *Rage* restrain'd:  
 And thus her passive *Character* maintain'd.  
 But now alas! —

Mr. Johnson, pray mind me this; Mr. Smith,  
I'll ask you to stay no longer, for this that  
follows is so engaging; hear me but two Lines,  
I'gad, and go away afterwards if you can.

But now, alas! I grieve, I grieve to tell  
*What sad mischance these pretty things befall.*  
These Birds of Beasts—

There's a tender Expression, *Birds of Beasts*:  
'Tis the greatest Affront that you can put upon  
any *Bird*, to call it, *Beast of a Bird*: And a  
*Beast* is so fond of being call'd a *Bird*, as you  
can't imagin. Page 129.

These Birds of Beasts, these learned Reas'ning  
Were separated banish'd in a thrice. (Mice)  
Who would be learned for their sakes, who wise?

Ay, who indeed? there's a *Pathos*, I'gad,  
Gentlemen, if that won't move you, nothing  
will, I can assure you; But here's the sad thing  
I was afraid of.

The Constable alarmed by this noise,  
Enter'd the Room, directed by the voice,  
And speaking to the *Watch with head aside*, P. 135.  
*Said, desperate Cures must be to desperate Ills apply'd.*  
These Gentlemen, for so their Fate decrees,  
Can ne'er enjoy at once *the But and Peace*. P. 115.

When

When each have separate Interests of their own, P. 144

Two Mice are one too many for a Town.

By Schism they are torn; and therefore, Brother,  
Look you to one, and I'll secure the t'other.

Now whither *Dapple* did to *Bridewell* go,  
Or in the *Stocks* all Night her Fingers blow,

Page 98.

Or in the *Compter* lay, concerns not us to know.

But the immortal Matron, spotless White,

Forgetting *Dapple's* Rudeness, Malice, Spight,

Look'd kindly back, and wept, and said Good  
(Night).

Ten thousand Watchmen waited on this *Mouse*,

Page 145.

With Bills, and Halberds, to her *Country-House*.

This last Contrivance I had from a judicious  
Author, that makes *Ten thousand Angels* wait  
upon his *Hind*, and she asleep too, I'gad.

*Johns.* Come, let's see what we have to pay?

*Bayes.* What a Pox, are you in such haite?  
You han't told me how you like it.

*Johns.* O! extreamly well. Here Drawer.

F I N I S.



# THE CONTENTS.

<b>T</b> HE Turtle and the Sparrow,	Page 1
Down-Hall; A Ballad. To the Tune of King John, and the Abbot of Canterbury,	27
Some Pieces, Written by Mr. Prior, Omitted in the Folio Edition of his Poems, and Others, by Him since published, viz.	
<i>An Epistle to Fleetwood Sheppard, Esq; Writ- ten Anno. 1689,</i>	41
<i>An ODE in Imitation of the Second Ode of the Third Book of Horace,</i> 1692.	45
<i>VerSES spoke to the Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles Harley, in the Library of St. John's College, Cambridge, Nov. 9, 1719.</i>	62
<i>Prologue to the Orphan. Represented by some of the Westminster Scholars at Hickford's Dancing-Room, the 2d, of February, 1720. Spoken by the Lord Duplin, who Acted Cordelio,</i>	64

*The*

# The Contents.

<i>The Conversation. A Tale,</i>	66
<i>Colin's Mistakes. Written in Imitation of Spenser's Style,</i>	71
<i>To the Right Honourable the Countess Dowager of Devonshire, on a Piece of Wissin's; wherein were all her Grandsons Painted,</i>	78
<i>The Female Phaeton,</i>	82
<i>The Judgment of Venus,</i>	85
<i>SONG,</i>	89
<i>The Curious MAID. A Tale. In Imitation of Mr. Prior. By Hildebrand Jacob, Esq;</i>	90
<i>The BUBBLE. A Tale. By Dean Swift,</i>	94
<i>The Nightingale, Imitated from Strada. By Mr. Pattifon,</i>	109
<i>The Court of Venus, from Claudian. By the Same,</i>	116
<i>The Story of Orpheus and Eurydice. Translated from Virgil's Fourth Book of the Georgics. By the Same.</i>	124
APPENDIX.	
<i>Mr. DRYDEN's HIND and PANTHER Transvers'd to the Story of the Country-Mouse, and the City-Mouse. Written jointly between Mr. Prior, and Mr. Montague, late Earl of Halifax.</i>	

